For His Amusement

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For His Amusement

by DamiaOfLight, IshoMoogoo

Summary

After fighting the Red Dragon, Will and Hannibal are blown off the cliff. Will suddenly wakes in a younger body and is forced to make his way through life again in this similar world. Hannibal wakes to fire and brimstone and must decide what he is willing pay to see Will again. Follow along as they both navigate their new world and bodies, coming to terms with everything that has happened and figure out what must be done to get what they want. Whatever they decide, it is all for His entertainment.

due to issues, this fic is on indefinite hiatus

Notes

DamiaOfLight and I have never written together, much less written a hannigram, so be nice. damia is mainly my editor and makes demands while i just write and try to make everything work. both of us are besties, we would have to be considering the many disagreements this fic has brought about, and she's the one who got me into this fandom. neither of us at this point know how long this monstrosity will be but i have 11 chapters and almost 24k words in rough draft that will be posted once they are edited and revised. Damia posts on fanfiction while i post here. on fanfiction, under my name, i post the roughs as i type them up if you want an idea where this fic is headed. don't rely on it though, those are first drafts and may end up completely different here.

as far as warnings for triggers and stuff, i don't like spoiling and have never written for ao3 so i'll just post a worning at the beginning of those particular chapters.

See the end of the work for more notes

Waking

Blood, that's all I see. Blood, then Dolarhyde, the Red fucking Dragon. For all his puffed up ambitions, all he amounted to was a busted up pile of flesh and blood. Fuck, am I shaking? Whose panting breaths are those? God, that was amazing! Where is Hannibal? I'm pretty sure we were fighting together. I slowly stand on wobbly legs and turn from the man we killed.

My god, we fucking killed together! I guess Hannibal finally got what he wanted after all. Well, after the sex of course. Couldn't even enjoy the afterglow before Francis here barges in and goes on about his "becoming" and attacking us. Well, at least he waited for us to get dressed. Still an asshole though.

Still trying to get my breath under control, I look at Hannibal, my new lover and murder accomplice. He just looks at me, covered in blood, looking radiant and just a little smug, the bastard. He's panting as well, but not as much, since I assume he had a little more time to compose himself. I stumble over to him and he catches me, his hands cradling my face like so many times before; my hands gripping his shoulders, trying to stay upright. I close my eyes as he caresses my face then pulls me in, sharing a tired kiss. Both of us exhausted from the fight.

We soon part and then embrace fully, Hannibal rubbing soothing hands down my trembling back and sides, me just clinging to him. I feel a laugh bubbling deep inside my chest, waiting to spill out. I soon hear him murmuring into my ear as he inhales my scent.

"Sweet Will, beautiful Will. You were amazing, you have finally become what you were meant to be."

I just hum as my body finally calms down enough to notice that we are precariously close to the edge of the cliff, the wind blowing strong as a storm threatens to roll in and sweep us away. But I can't move, I don't want to, I want time to stop and live in this moment with him forever. Shit, am I horny again? What the hell, maybe we could fuck on the Dragons' corpse. I've already thrown all my morals out the window anyway; why not throw some kinks into the mix as well?

I pull out of his embrace, Hannibal releasing me only to arms length, hands still fastened to my elbows. We just admire each other, breath finally evening out; just when I find my voice again, Hannibal shouts, having to raise his voice over the rising wind.

"Well, now that the danger has passed, let us go back to the house and get cleaned up. I must say that we have more than earned some rest. We will need to disappear soon though, I doubt Jack will let us be for long."

I tilt my head and smirk at him as he starts tugging us away from the cliff.

"Aw, and here I was hoping to add insult to injury and reaffirm our relationship on his still warm and bleeding corpse."

Still walking, he turns his head towards me and lifts a mordant brow.

“The hazards of fornicating upon the deceased not withstanding, I doubt we will be very comfortable if the weather continues to worsen as it has been over the course of the fight.”

“Tight ass.”

There is just the slightest upturn to his lips as he turns back to the path before us. Just then, the sky opens up and icy cold rain starts hammering down over us. I grimace and start running towards the light of the house we left earlier. I barely hear Hannibal shout at me as our hands slip apart. I try to stay focused as the rain starts blocking the light out as well as blurring the surroundings together in a dark grey howling mess.

I figure I’m just about there when I feel the ground slip under my right foot, and a freezing hand slips over my left wrist. I think gravity won out in the brief seconds I teetered on the edge, because the next thing I know is a strong gust of wind and I’m tipping to the right completely. As I feel myself falling, I barely register being wrapped in Hannibal’s arms as I look up to see crashing waves falling down upon us.

Oh.

Shit.

I jerk and gasp as I struggle in the dark as something suffocates me. After a few moments I manage to kick free of the blankets I was apparently wrapped in. Was it a dream? I don’t hurt nearly enough for having fallen off a cliff.

My breathing calms down and I look around, well try to anyway. It appears to be nighttime, and I can’t see much apart from a lamp that is perched on the nightstand. I lean over and fumble for the knob before freezing. Either it’s way too dark or I’m going crazy, because it looks like my arm is way smaller than it should be. Shaking my head, I turn the lamp on and look around.

I then look around again; because there is no way that I am here, unless someone recreated my childhood home in Louisiana. Maybe I did go crazy. I shake my head then swing my legs over the edge of the bed, freezing again before lurching up and rushing into the bathroom to look at myself in the mirror. From what I can see, because my chest is level with the rim of the sink, I am exactly the same age as I was before Dad moved us to New Orleans. I shakily take in the wide blue eyes, pale sickly skin, and badly cut curls that I definitely shouldn’t be seeing again. No old faded scars or fresh wounds from a fight I’m *sure* I just had, just a scrawny pale child who looks absolutely terrified.

Double shit.

I'm sitting on the bed when dawn filters into the filthy trailer window. I blankly stare out at the scenery while still trying to figure out what was going on. It's been a few days since I woke up drenched in my own sweat and, apparently, 28 years younger. The day I woke up was rather uneventful, all things considered. Dad went to work at the shop, like he usually did back then, and I pretty much piddled about the trailer trying to find clues as to what was going on and hoping that it was all a dream. The second day I had to go to school, and I stopped thinking I was just dreaming while everything I knew tilted on its axis.

Here's what I know so far. It's 1990 and I'm 13 again, which means I have puberty to look forward to again. Great. Things don't stop there, oh no; I didn't just go back in time, but it seems that I may in some weird, fucked up alternate reality. I probably wouldn't have thought this except for some gossip I over heard from some teachers that I never found very memorable the first time around.

When my alarm chirps loudly, I sigh and close my eyes to the image of the grimy, rusted trailer that sits outside my window. I open them back up and reach over to turn it off, finally getting up and getting ready for the day. Where is the library again? There is no way I'm going to school while I have no clue what's going on. I need to read up and see what, exactly, is different about this place. Integrating into a new world will be much harder if I don't know things that are supposedly common sense here. The first thing I'm looking into is this alpha, beta, whatever stuff the teachers were talking about, and what presenting has to do with it.

After going through the morning motions, I pick up my small ragged backpack and make sure my notebook and pencils are in it, since I don't want dad thinking something's up and I want to take notes. I then grab my premade sandwich and head out the door. Pausing to get my bearings, I head out of the trailer park and to the road, turning right. I hope this is the right direction, I have to walk everywhere and I never did have the best stamina before I joined the force.

It takes a little over an hour to get to the small, barely maintained building that, from my memory, only housed old newspapers and a small collection of encyclopedias and various worn out novels. Since the Internet is still in it's early stages and a small town like this won't have the money for a computer of any kind, I will have to personally go through as many newspapers as possible as well as skim the encyclopedias. It will take most of the day at minimum, and I may have to come back on the weekend to look at anything I have missed. As long as I get back home at a reasonable hour, dad shouldn't know I skipped and I can go back to school with a better idea of the goings on around here.

I slowly push open the surprisingly well-oiled door and quickly look around. Not seeing anyone, I quickly dart over to where I believe the books are and grab the first three volumes of the partially worn encyclopedias. I then go to a secluded corner I spotted earlier and sit down against the wall to begin reading, starting with the A's. As I open the first book, I skim the pages not finding much different until I come across the word Alpha. And now the words of those women make a whole lot more sense.

From what I overheard, the class clown in trailer 3 just presented as an Alpha even though everyone expected him to be a Beta since both his parents were Betas. At the time, this conversation made no sense because no one in my knowledge are dogs and operate on pack dynamics; and they sure as hell weren't referring to the Greek alphabet. Not only did I time travel, but I also managed to wind up in a world where people had not one, but two genders. I slam the open book against my forehead and groan. Just fuck me sideways why don't you, not only do I have to go through puberty again, I can't even rely on my past experience since I may have to contend with a whole new set of hormones and anatomy.

I shudder and then remove my face from the innocent book, flipping to the entry on Betas and locating the correct tome with the entry on Omegas. Might as well see what I may have to prepare for. After reading everything those books have to offer I can summarize the contents into a rather simple mental list.

One, Alphas make up around 30% of the total world population and are the most aggressive of the genders. They have a very particular scent that is secreted from special glands in the body that help them to intimidate others, soothe and comfort a mate or family members, as well as help attract a mate. The glands at the base of the throat must be bitten to form a bond with their mate, which only works if it is an Omega they are paired with. It seems this bite must be re applied regularly or the bond will fade over time. Alphas can go into something called a rut when their mate is receptive or goes into heat and have something called a knot at the base of their sexual organ to ensure conception after intercourse. They are generally bigger built and the males tend to have more body hair than their Beta counterparts. I know for sure that I am not one of these just by considering my personality alone. I don't even want to know how an Alpha female works.

Up next are the Betas. I personally think that's what I am since they are relatively normal by my old world's standards. They have a very neutral scent compared to the other two genders and are mildly tempered. Not much else to say about them other than they don't have mating glands and make up most of the population. They still have scent glands but the scent tends to be weak and generally unappealing to the other genders.

Last are the Omegas. These seem to be what many would call the "fairer" sex. Physically, they are smaller and weaker than their two counterparts, and over all very feminine, with soft features and very little body hair. This includes the males, who seem to be built for child-rearing like their female counterparts. They have a unique scent like the Alphas, and have glands just like the Alphas as well. They make up less of the population than the Alphas and are the most fertile of the sexes. The thing that struck me the most was that not only females, but the males can also give birth, though there are far more female Omegas than male. Again, I don't really want to know how that works. Other than periodic heats and submissive behaviour, there isn't much else to mention about them.

I heave out a breath and shake my head, my curls bouncing against my skull. When was my hair last cut? Oh well, doesn't really matter. I need to see what time it is before I decide what to read next. I huff my way up form the floor, my legs groaning and seizing from the awful position I was in, and walk over to the clock on the wall. Looks like I barely have enough time to get home just a bit later than normal. I go back and pick up the books I had piled on the floor and place them back in their places before hurrying back home.

PubertyX2

Chapter Notes

> the kudos, bookmarks, and subscriptions made us feel warm and fuzzy, and validated. thank you. we correct our work ourselves, and no matter how OCD Damia is, we will miss things. we would appreciate it if you could let us know if you find something.
>
> This chapter was cut in half so the next chapter will be posted soon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Over the course of the next few months, it has come to my attention how the different genders fit into this society. From a combination of reading all of the old newspapers that the library has in my spare time, as well as from what I have observed myself, it seems there is quite the gender gap between the three. It is especially apparent where Omegas are concerned, but the Alphas stand out as well.

Alphas seem to be the preferred sex when it comes to leadership positions and tend to gravitate heavily towards the different forms of law enforcement or other combat prone jobs. They also seem to get promotions more often than Beta's, which is not really a surprise considering their overall nature. That doesn't really make me feel all that comfortable trusting my safety to a bunch of hormone fueled meatheads, not that law enforcement was all that great in my previous world; I *did* work the NOPD for a time.

Betas seem to be evenly dispersed across all fields of the various forms of employment, not all that striking considering they're the "moderate" gender. It seems that Beta's are more the support type, filling the roles that Alphas don't want and the Omegas can't take like maintenance, factory, or infrastructure jobs. They still take Alpha and Omega saturated jobs because they make up most of the population, but this is simply a generalization. There will always be exceptions to the norm and I assume things will change over time.

Omegas, however, seem to have the same problems that women have in my old world. They are the baby and house makers and are thought to be far too delicate or stupid to do anything else according to public opinion. In fact, until the Omega's suffrage movement in 1945 and The Omega Equal Opportunity Act of '85, Omegas had almost no rights to speak of. They were simply expected to, and to be perfectly honest forced, stay at home, get mated off, and spread their legs until they can't pop out any more babies. Of course, just because legislation says Omegas can work wherever they want and have equal rights, doesn't mean that they do. Especially poverty stricken and rural areas where bigotry and hatred is the norm; and it doesn't help that scripture dictates that Omegas are responsible for the original sin. If the numerous gossip columns and the myriad of unapologetic men and women are anything to go on, Omegas should stick to professions dealing with kids or as care providers. They sure as hell should stay the fuck away from more "stressful" jobs like law enforcement, the medical

field, or the military. Those are only a few examples but the popular opinion states that Omegas should know their place and stop rocking the boat.

I sigh as I open the trailer door, kick my shoes off, and head to my room; greeting my slightly drunk father along the way. At least I'm going to be a Beta, less hassle to worry about and I don't feel very ambitious about my future anyway. I'll just live my life as I always did, alone and as quietly as possible; well, if my empathy and near insane need to feel helpful lets me anyway. Knowing me, I'll probably go for law enforcement again, for no other reason than the familiarity of it.

Granted, I don't actually know for sure if I'm going to be a Beta, since it seems that until a person presents, it's damn near impossible to tell. This is generally between the ages of 13 and 15 but there are outliers. The reason for this is because secondary traits, like knots and a male's uterus, don't develop fully until puberty. Once they do, their bodies starts secreting hormones and, in the case of Omegas, go into heat. Aside from that, things like facial hair or the rounding of the body that normally goes with puberty begins as well. I just figure that since my dad is a Beta, information I gleaned from his ID, I will be too. No point in asking about my Mom, Dad never talked about her even when directly asked in my past life, and it didn't change here. All I got as a response was a grunt and a mumbled line about how it was "none of your business". Needless to say, I dropped the subject after that and never brought it up again.

During my short time here, four kids in my age group have presented. There were two Betas, an Alpha, and an Omega. This gives me a pretty good idea on what people are supposed to smell like so I don't seem like an idiot who can't tell what gender everyone is later. Like the book said, Betas have a very neutral scent, only a little different from someone who hasn't presented yet. They have just enough variation to differentiate them from one another. The only other word I could use to describe them is earthy, which is neutral in its own right.

Now, there is only one Alpha my age, but I have met a few adults and I can say with certainty that Alphas set my teeth on edge. It's not just their smell, which tends to be spicier and headier than Betas and Omegas. No, what really gets me is their attitudes. It's honestly amazing how the class clown from trailer 3 turned from an innocent kid looking for attention, to a posturing, arrogant blowhard. It's not just him either. The other Alphas I've had the misfortune to meet act pretty much the same, demanding respect and obedience just because they have a knot. It makes me want to either punch them in the face or just leave the fucking room because it's too much to deal with.

A girl in my class turned out to be an Omega and it seems that she is the only one in our small town. Her smell is rather sweet and kind of soothing, but irritating at the same time. She doesn't annoy me in the same way as the Alpha's, who make me feel nervous and twitchy, but instead defensive and wary. It's rather hard to describe, but I feel almost like a dog whose territory has been invaded. It feels like if I don't act appropriately, something will be taken from me.

It's aggravating, but I also feel bad for her because of how meek and timid she became. That was another thing that changed about her. Now, from what I know of her, she was always shy around others; but after presenting she simply became submissive. There was no other way to

describe it; one day she's just having trouble talking to others, and the next she's tilting her neck and adverting her eyes. She starts making weird cooing noises whenever someone looks at her wrong as well. This might be a bit of an exaggeration, but that's pretty much what she does around an Alpha.

I was very surprised when a few days after she had to leave school because of a fever, which turned out to be a pre-heat, she returned acting completely different. The Alpha from trailer 3 immediately started pestering and harassing her, and after only a few days she stopped coming to school. I haven't seen her in the last few weeks and can only assume she was pulled out and will likely never see her again since the teacher never acted concerned about it. The kid from trailer 3 was never reprimanded for his behavior towards the girl and simply stopped showing up around lunch and recess when she stopped coming to school.

Once in my room, I drop my bag down next to the worn out nightstand and take the plastic chair, shoving it under the knob since there is no lock for my door. I don't really expect anyone to be barging in; dad's already well on his way to falling asleep completely smashed. I suspect he's close to, or has already lost his job. I just want to make sure I have some level of privacy while I think about something that I only realized in my second week after my "awakening". I then go over and sit on my bed, staring out of the window, like so many times before.

Hannibal, what the fuck happened to him? I obviously died and somehow re-incarnated or something similar, but I don't know what happened to him. We fell together so it's safe to assume we died together at that time, unless he was way luckier than me. Did he wake up sometime in his past as well? Hell, would he even be in the same universe? Knowing my luck, who knows? I'm 13, almost 14, so he would be 24 or 25 now. Old enough to travel and attempt to locate me, but I don't think I ever told him where I grew up. I just gave a vague story about following dad around the docks during our sessions and left it at that. Come to think of it, I think I know more about Hannibal's past than he does mine.

That still doesn't answer what happened to him, or whether or not I want to find out. The thought alone of seeing him again and seeing that he doesn't even recognize me brings me to the brink of tears. I shudder a breath in and out and furiously rub at my prickling eyes. I can't do it, I don't want to start over again. I can't handle going through all that again. Hell, I don't even know if circumstances would allow that. After all, everything is such a huge unknown now. He may not have chosen to move to the states. He may not have even lost his family here.

I take a deep, almost steadying breath and shake my head. It doesn't matter how much I think about it, he isn't here and I have my own life to figure out. Besides, it's probably for the best. I may never forget him, but my life certainly doesn't have to revolve around him anymore. Maybe I was given another chance so I could finally have a normal life for once. I only slept with him the once after all; the rest of it was just us manipulating each other. That is hardly a healthy relationship by any standard. I flop over on my side and continue to think about my life, slipping into sleep just like that.

Dad did end up loosing his job and, almost a year later, he finds a job as a boat mechanic in New Orleans. So we move from a dumpy rusted out trailer in a weed-covered trailer park, to

a small fourth floor apartment in some housing development in Algiers(1). Nothing too different from the first go round; but the building is a different one, and the move was a few months earlier than before. The only thing I can somewhat complain about is that I will be turning 15 near the end of September and I haven't presented yet. I know everyone is different, but high school is going to be bad enough with my empathy and weird anti-social behavior. Add in being a late bloomer and I can pretty much guarantee that I'm going to have a rough time. I want to hurry up and become a Beta already since I apparently have to be one of the three. While I'm at it, I want to be an adult again too; all these hormones and mood swings are driving me crazy, again.

Chapter End Notes

(1) i only did Wikipedia level of research for this chapter, so i apologize for any errors. Algiers is a section of New Orleans that is considered the projects and has a very high crime rate, i thought it was appropriate.

you'll be happy to know that the exposition is pretty much over. hope we didn't bore you but i felt all this was necessary. i also have a confession, i have no idea how female alpha's work. i'll figure it out though so don't worry.

Devil of a Deal

Chapter Summary

are you there satan? it's me, hannibal

Chapter Notes

this was originally part of the previous chapter but Damia said that they would work better separately. She also said she isn't going to be posting this on ff so i did.

just a warning, we had far too much fun with this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If I didn't have medical training, I would say that my heart froze when I saw Will fall from the cliff. It didn't, but that is exactly what it felt like. It was like something was tearing the organ straight from my chest as I tumbled after him. However, when I managed to get my slippery hand around his, it was already too late. Gravity had pulled him down, and me along with him. Not that I was going to let go, I had finally obtained my Ganymede. After the many years of chasing and manipulating him into my arms, I finally had him. I don't give up what is mine, especially not after it took so long to obtain it.

As we fall, I clutch him close, cradling his head with my hand and press it firmly to my chest. It's as if I just hold him close enough, we would be ok and make it through this. The problem is, we are going headfirst. It is a small mercy that our necks will likely break on impact, saving us the trouble of drowning slowly as our broken limbs won't be able to carry us to safety. At least we can be together in death, wherever that may take us. I don't even feel the impact when everything cuts to black.

After what seemed to be an eternity of soul-sucking darkness, I become aware of things again. The first thing I notice is the dual sensations of searing heat and icy cold surrounding and penetrating me. The second thing I become aware of is the familiar form of Will still clutched desperately in my arms. Then comes the smell. The choking stench of sulfur surrounds us, clogging the air and nearly making me gag. I control the impulse to do so and nuzzle into Will's soft curls, inhaling his scent and stilling once more. His smell is wrong, it's all spice and smoke instead of that god-awful cologne and the hidden smell of moist earth. It seems to blend with the surrounding stench and is utterly repulsive. I would rather smell Will's cologne than this. I quickly push this apparent stranger away to see who this creature wearing his skin is.

I must admit the likeness is near perfect, from the unkempt curls right down to the scars and the wound on his face. The only observable difference is the eyes. Sure, they are Will's grey-blue ones, but there is a look about them. A hard cruelty that one would only find in someone who took deep pleasure from another's suffering. One with no love or mercy to be seen in its depths, only a sick joy and mirth. I narrow my eyes and the imposter's mouth splits into a mocking grin.

"What, did everything we did together mean nothing? I'm hurt Hannibal, truly hurt."

The creature places his hands over his heart and his face twists into one of mock hurt, not seeming to bother putting much effort into the display. My mouth ghosts into a frown as I tilt my head up slightly in challenge

"The moments I shared were with Will Graham, not whomever you are. I find this situation rather rude and I must ask where he is and why you have absconded with his form."

The man simply grins even wider, this time in dark delight. His posture shifts into one of pure confidence and indifference as he begins inspecting his nails.

"You can ask all you want, doesn't mean I'm gunna tell you shit though."

My eyes narrow further in tightly contained fury. How dare this-

"No use getting pissy there Hanni, after all, I'm the one with all the answers. Now to answer your relevant question, I'm an abstract creature with no physical form of my own. I can take whichever form I please when I please, so that mortals like you can see me. This one is easily recognizable to you and is the one most likely to set you off, aside from you sisters of course. I can go with hers if you would prefer, but I don't really care for your opinion on the matter right now.

I inhale a few times to cool the rage as something clicks into place. His expression changes to a small, close lipped smile and he nods, obviously noting the progress of my thoughts.

"Good, looks like you figured it out on your own, I hate explaining it all the time. So let's get down to business. You're dead, in hell, and I want to discuss a deal with you."

"Where is Will?"

He shoots an irritated look my way and huffs in annoyance. I simply stand still and rigid, discretely observing both him and my surroundings while I wait for his response.

"None of your fucking business, and before you start bitching, I'm the devil. I don't give a flying rat's ass about your butt buddy right now. That cocksucker could be in one of the levels of hell being tortured as we speak for all I care."

Then he smiles deviously and continues on, relaxing his posture before he speaks.

"Unless you agree to my terms of course. I may find it in myself to care enough to locate him and reunite you two. I am a reasonable man after all, and as they say, scratch my back I scratch yours."

My jaw clenches at these words but I shove my emotions back into one of the many rooms of my mind palace. After all, this creature well and truly holds both my and Will's fate in his hands. It cannot hurt to listen to this deal and see what he wants, and what he is willing to offer in return. I loosen my stance and compose my face to a look of professional detachment, nodding for him to continue.

"Forgive my rudeness, please, enlighten me to what it is that you have in mind."

He smirks at that and then sprawls into a chair that was not present before. He then waves dismissively at the chair that is now behind me. He begins once I, more gracefully of course(1), sit as well.

"As I said earlier, I want to make a deal with you. You're soul is already mine so that obviously isn't what I want from you. I have, however, been watching you for a considerable amount of time. I must say I've had a hell of a laugh. Pure gold to be honest, shame it ended that way. No blaze of glory, no living out into old age and giving a big fuck you to the authorities. No, you fell off a cliff and died trying to save that toy of yours. Absolutely pathetic, and a complete waste of potential if you ask me."

My eyes narrow at that.

"I do not like you referring to Will as-"

With a snort he waves me off.

"Please, the fuck're you gunna do 'bout it? Pout? Gut me? No, I'll say whatever I want and you'll just have to fuckin' live with it. Besides, it's not far from the truth anyway. You play with his head like a nipped out cat would a laser pointer."

I swallow my retort and allow him to continue. It is true that I cannot deal with this creature at present, considering the possible consequences.

"Now, back on point, you're ridiculous end. I'm not happy with it. I was enjoying watching you and I don't want that to end just yet, so I'm going to give you another chance."

I raise a pale brow and wait for him to continue. This is a very interesting development indeed. He slips into an easy smile now and continues in the next breath, steepling his fingers in front of his face.

"Granted, that in itself could already be considered a reward, but I am feeling generous. Become my servant and do whatever I say, leave what is left of your humanity behind, and continue to do what you do best. In return, I will give you a second chance at life, and the chance to see Will again. Of course, I can't return you to your previous life. It would be cheating since you're already well and truly dead. Instead, I can insert you into another one that is similar enough; you will still be Hannibal Lecter, just with a few minor changes. Now, any questions?"

"What are these changes you speak of, and what do you mean about leaving the rest of my humanity behind? And what of Will, am I to assume he will be joining me?"

The creature smirks even wider and stands up, disappearing only to reappear behind me, snarling into my ear.

“It means you will cease to be human completely and do whatever I tell you to, should the mood strike me.”

His voice then drops to an almost sensual tone as his fingers dig into my shoulders.

“And as for your sweet William, I suppose you will just have to find and capture him again. You did it before, so it shouldn’t be too hard to do it again.”

He then pops in front of me and holds out his clawed hand as his eyes glow a fiery red.

“So, do we have a deal? I personally believe it is quite fair. You get a new, more powerful life, and get to try your luck with William again. You just have to keep entertaining me and be a good boy when I decide to pop in when I need something done.”

I stare at his hand then look back up at this creature, reaching out to shake the offered appendage. I’m not blind to the fact that he has not stated, or even alluded, that my Will is going to follow me into this new life. I will take it nonetheless, I manipulated Will to my designs before; and like he stated, I will simply have to do it again. At least I have experience this time around, what is a little more waiting when the reward is so sweet?

“What can I expect from this new life? Anything I should know, like strengths or weaknesses?”

He jerks me upright and into his arms, wrapping his hands around my skull while staring intently into my eyes.

“Nothing you need to know right now except that human flesh will become mandatory, and to avoid hazardous situations for a time until I manage to solidify your powers into your new body. Now, lets begin the transfer.”

He leans up to whisper something into my ear as the void takes me yet again. My surroundings blur into a world of screams, fire, and the cloying stench of death. I freeze as he melts away and is replaced by a person I never thought to see again.

Mischa.

“*A little bonus for you. Don’t waste it.”*

Chapter End Notes

(1)humble hannibal is humble.

Satan was Damia's idea and he will be popping up a lot, so get used to him. will hopefully have the next one up soon. i post when we get the chapters done so things will be sporadic.

Blind Leading the Blind

Chapter Summary

decisions are made and reasons are heard

Chapter Notes

what, too good to comment? we get it, ur shy. don't worry, we don't bite. at least, not until we track you down of course. unlike hanni, we like our mystery meat raw.

thanks for the kudos, subs, and bookmarks regardless of ur shyness.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The hallway lights shine garishly in the halls as I walk around trying to locate the office. Dad has work at the docks and I am left to fill out the paperwork for enrollment. I sigh and flap the front of my shirt attempting to dry off the sweat from the muggy July weather that is plaguing the city. It's a shame that the school doesn't seem to have a working A/C Unit right now, though I'm sure it will be up and running once classes are back in session. Giving up on cooling down, I grimace and look around again, looking for any kind of sign. Instead of seeing one, I happen upon the next best thing. A girl with dark brown wavy hair is feeling her way along the wall and walking slowly. Clearing my throat I approach her, keeping my eyes on her slight shoulder.

"Um, sorry, do you know the way to the office? I seem to be lost."

She stops and turns to me, not quite looking at my face with her dark eyes. Her eyes just peer somewhere over my shoulder, at least I don't have to worry about making eye contact. I catch her scent once I'm close enough and almost grimace; she's an Omega. I'm way too hot and irritated to deal with her if she starts with the whole submissive thing; it's bad enough that her scent is already getting to me and I just want to find the damn office. She gives me a wry grin and removes her hand from the wall, letting it drop to her side.

"You and me both hun, I'm lucky to have even found my way to school."

"O-oh?"

I look her over more carefully then my eyes widen. She still hasn't looked at me directly and her pupils don't seem to contract in the light. She's blind. I inhale slightly from surprise, her creamy scent invading my nostrils, and my irritation fades a bit.

“You’re blind? Don’t you have someone to help you? Or even a Seeing Eye dog?”

She laughs at that and then reaches out and grabs at me with her left hand, missing my arm and manages to grip the front of my shirt. I attempt not to flinch as she feels her way slowly to my arm, getting a good run of my chest before reaching my shoulder.

“Seeing Eye dog? Please, my family is dirt poor and work way too much to keep track of a poor blind Omega. I normally have a cane but I kind of left it in my rush to get here. My mom moved it and I didn’t want to waste precious time looking for it. Now, since you have two functioning eyes, I suppose we can find that damn office together.”

I almost nod at her before catching myself, and direct us down the hall, making sure her hand stays on my arm. After a minute or two of silence she pipes up again.

“So, you got a name or what? I don’t really want to call you scrawny guy for the rest of this trip hun.”

I cough around a laugh and smile. She may be an Omega, but she has a fire to her. Kind of reminds me of Bev.

“My name is Will Graham. What’s yours?”

She smiles a little and turns her head towards me again.

“Rowan Purnet. Are you here to sign up for the program as well? This is one of the only schools that offer it in this district and it’s hard to get into. Gotta jump on it as soon as possible or you can forget trying to get in.”

I furrow my brows and stop, which makes her halt as well.

“Program? No, I’m here to enroll, what program are you talking about?”

She tilts her head and appears to think for a bit before speaking again, a little more cautiously this time.

“It’s a scholarship program. You work for the school as well as take a few specialized classes that earn you some college credits. If you meet all the requirements you get a free ride to any college of your choice, even ones out of the country. You have to have very good grades, spotless attendance, and three letters from the teachers vouching for you by the time you graduate to get it though. Only 5 freshmen from the whole district can sign up per year, so it’s very exclusive and hard to obtain. Well worth it though.”

I think about her words before starting to move again. I should probably try out for this program as well. After all, since I seem to have been given a second chance and still have all of my past memories, I should take advantage of any and all opportunities. I might also try to get a job while I’m at it; I don’t know if I want to do the same things I did before, but I might as well have options. I also have nothing better to do with my time so I might as well fill it with something productive.

“Hmm, I may try for it as well. It sounds like a great opportunity. Oh, looks like this is it.”

We round a corner and come upon a faded brown door with the word office in near illegible script on the frosted glass pane. We enter and ask the mousey looking woman at the desk for the various paperwork we'll need. She looks up briefly at the both of us and then goes back to some filing cabinets, opening first the top drawer and then the bottom one. She pulls out roughly 15 sheets of paper and then walks back over, not bothering to look at me as she hands them over. Papers in hand, we head over to the plastic chairs placed near the door and sit down. Rowan looks in my direction and motions her hand near the papers.

"Do you mind helping me again hun? I'm sure they don't have it in braille and I can't guarantee that my writing would be legible, or in the right places."

If not for the mischievous light in her eyes, I would have felt very bad for her. I grin anyway and we complete the forms together, turning them in thirty minutes later. I help her get to the exit and before we part ways, I offer to help her get back home. Rowan smiles and assures me that she can make it home ok.

"I made it here just fine hun. I have a good sense of direction and I made the journey once already. I can always rely on a Good Samaritan if I end up needing the help. Anyway, good luck on the application. I'm really looking forward to seeing more of you. Pun intended of course."

With that we part ways and I head home, I have a lot to think about and do. I wonder who would be willing to hire a fourteen, almost fifteen year old. I will need to get dad's permission as well as a bank account for my earnings. This will certainly be interesting.

I managed to talk to dad when he got home, and thankfully before he started in with the drink. He just grunted at me and said he would think about it. I figured that he would just forget since he immediately hit the bottle, so it kind of came as a surprise when he took me with him the next day to go to the bank. I managed to open an account in my name with dad loaning me the amount I would need for the minimum balance, saying that I could pay him back after I get my first paycheck. After we finish at the bank, we headed to the docks where his boss agreed to hire me. It will only be for the rest of the summer doing odd and menial jobs around the office, but it's something. I will be paid minimum wage, which is $4.25(1), and will car pool with dad. This is just for two months though, so I will have to find a different job once school starts. I will have to know what my schedule will be like before I search, but that's a problem for later.

A couple weeks later, after I am back from the docks, I receive a call from the school wanting to interview me for the Scholarship program. After a few brief questions, we set up a time for me to go in on the following Friday. I informed dad and my boss that I would be absent for work that day, and waited impatiently for Friday to come. I wasn't really all that worried about the interview. After years of reading people and acting on their expectations, I pretty much had it in the bag. Hell, I didn't even need to wait for the result. The teacher in charge of the program flat out told me at the end that I managed to get one of the last two openings. He then handed me a booklet and explained all the rules and expectations for the program.

Other than having to maintain straight A's all four years, I have to have a certain amount of volunteer hours per month at the school. Maintaining my grades shouldn't be too hard since I've already gone through college. I also cannot have any unexcused absences or I will be

immediately dropped from the program. There will be one AP course a semester that will transfer to any college I should decide to go to, but they are the standard Liberal Arts courses that most schools require you to take. All in all, nothing too difficult and this gives me way more options than I had in my old life. It almost cancels out the fact that I have to go through puberty again. Almost.

The rest of summer slips by and soon I'm back in school. It turns out that Rowan managed to get into the program with me and we seem to share a good number of classes together. Our volunteer hours are different because I managed to arrange for morning work, allowing me to get a part time job as an assistant in a pharmacy. I mostly do my work quickly and quietly so I don't draw too much attention towards me, and try to keep to myself during lunch and free time. Well, I try to anyway.

It seems that Rowan likes to track me down during lunch and sit with me. Actually, she just pounces on me at the end of class, cane in hand, and requests that I lead her to a good table. She then demands that I sit with her since I'm already there. She usually doesn't bother me except for help with the homework that isn't in braille. I had asked why she doesn't go to a special school and she simply stated that her family is far too poor to place her in one. Though it might also have to do with the fact that she's an Omega going to school in the south, and the system is trying to make things more difficult for her than they need to be. This may be 1992 and in the city, but sexism still has quite the foothold here. She's damn stubborn and lucky to be here at all, let alone getting into that exclusive program.

It's about two months into the school year when we have our first proper conversation with each other that doesn't involve school or homework. I was tired of the nagging curiosity about her near constant presence, and was slightly surprised at how easy she is to be around. That might be because of her blindness though; I don't have to make eye contact and she can't see my twitching. It's during lunch break and Jordan, the schools resident music lover, is playing Bohemian Rhapsody(2) through the PA system. It's a wonder how the student got the permission to play music during lunch period, but the aspiring DJ took full advantage.

"So, what makes you single me out of everyone else? I don't mean to be rude, but it seems that you have latched on to me for whatever reason. I know people think I'm weird despite not saying it to my face."

She tilts her head to the left and gives a small grin, placing her pencil exactly two inches to the right of the paper and underneath her voice recorder.

"Hun, you're only weird because you're like me. You see the shit inside of people and don't care for it. As for why I'm sticking to you, it's because you are one of the few willing to socialize with an undesirable Omega. I also just find you amusing."

I frown at that statement, ignoring the end comment, and put my sandwich down onto the paper towel I had wrapped it in.

"Undesirable? How so?"

Her face softens into a sad one. Her smile makes me feel bad, even though I don't know what I said to cause it. Bohemian Rhapsody ends and then Blame it on the Rain(3) starts in.

"You're also kind, if not a bit naïve."

Before I can retort to that, her face rearranges into a bitter smile and she continues on.

"I'm undesirable because I am not only blind, but 'ill tempered'. Too independent for family life and my condition could be passed on to my children. No Alpha wants to be near me, and Beta's just feel pity while following along with the Alpha's. You are truly a rare specimen to not even mention it, let alone have it not cross your mind. If you were even remotely my type I would pounce on you like a whore on crack. As it stands, you're far too scrawny and I like a man I can knock down a peg or two."

That last bit is said with her trademark mischievousness, and makes me choke on my own spit. She just chuckles at me while I cough, and we eventually have to leave as break is over.

Chapter End Notes

(1)according to the department of labour, minimum wage was 4.25 from 1991-96
(2)Bohemian Rhapsody by Queen made top 100 in 1992
(3)Blame it on the Rain by Milli Vanilli made top 100 in 1990

Rowan is based off of Damia. they have the same speech pattern

Walking Dogs Burning Squirrels

Chapter Summary

Read the title

Chapter Notes

Updates will stall for a while while i write more roughs. we made a smutty prequel so check it out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Something happens as I'm walking home from my job. I'm a block away from the apartment and passing one of the many alleyways that plague any city, when I hear a strange noise. To be precise, it sounds like a weak whimpering noise that is being muffled by something. I automatically stop and turn towards the noise that is coming from the entrance of the alley I was passing. I look around, making sure that no one is nearby. I live in a bad neighborhood and don't intend to be ambushed any time soon, or at all.

I walk closer to the dumpster and hear another whimper, along with a shuffling sound that comes from underneath the dumpster itself. Getting on my hands and knees, I manage to peer underneath the rancid smelling thing, and spy a small puppy that seems to have gotten stuck. I smile and slowly offer it my hand, softly clucking my tongue and cooing in an attempt to soothe the poor thing. It sniffs my hand and attempts to give it a lick. I can't reach it from this angle so I withdraw my arm and go around to the rear corner of the dumpster, where the puppy is closest. I continue to coo and soothe it as I gently pull it backwards and out. Once safely in my arms I manage to get a good look at, uh, her. I try to see if there is any damage.

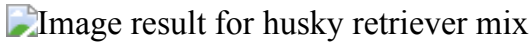
Image result for husky retriever mix

Other than being completely filthy, she's also very light and thin. Her golden fur is matted and likely riddled with fleas. She looks to be only a few months old and, so far, the most striking thing about her is her icy blue eyes. She probably has a bit of husky in her. I give her some pats and manage to fish my leftover lunch from my bag without dropping her, and feed her bits and pieces as I start walking back home. It's been so long since I've seen my pack, and I want that easy companionship back. Despite the fact that I have managed to make a few friends in the six months I've been in high school, I still feel this emptiness inside. Even though I seem to be more popular in this life, some things will never change. I will always adore dogs, now and even further into the future. I at least have a job, so I'll be able to take

care of her expenses and still be able to save up. Not having any bills to pay, except for helping out occasionally with groceries, has made me realize how much of a miser I am.

Since I found the dog so close to home, I manage to get back only a few minutes later. The puppy, which is nestled in my arms, is quietly observing our surroundings as they pass by. Other than trying to sniff at something every once in awhile, she remains perfectly still during the journey, making travel much easier for me. I get to the front door and start fumbling for the door key when it's suddenly opened, making me come face to face with a girl from school. She seems to be holding the door for us and I gratefully walk inside. A smile twitches onto my face as I try to rush past and go upstairs without having to talk to her. I don't get the chance as she addresses me when I step past her.

"Hey, Will right? That's a cute puppy, but the building has a policy against pets. I won't tell on you but you might want to find a home for it quick."

I glance up at her face, my gaze settling on her left cheekbone. The girl's name is Molly Shuber. She has straight, dirty blond hair and pale blue eyes. Just like my Molly. Their faces are somewhat similar despite the obvious age difference, but the resemblance stops there. This Molly is far more trim, likely due to a poor diet, and has a worn look about her with a hint of kindness. She's also an Omega and is very quiet whenever I run across her at school or here at home. She might not be my Molly, but looking at her reminds me of everything I left behind. No, everything I *gave up*, just to be with Hannibal. Just to die anyway. As a result, I've taken to avoiding her at all costs. Being near her makes the ache inside my chest worse. I frown at what she says and look away after a second towards the stairs.

"R-really? Shit. Guess I'll have to figure something out then. Thanks, and goodbye."

"Ah, wait!"

I halt and briefly flick my eyes over her before settling on the carpeted floor near her shoes, furrowing my brow in question. She haltingly reaches for me before aborting the movement and rubs her arm instead.

"Um, if you want, I can show you a pretty secluded place to keep, uh, her?"

I nod and she continues.

"You'll have to get her a doghouse or a shelter of some kind, but humans can't find it easily and it's close by. You can wash her and come back down, I'll show you where if you don't mind."

I shift from foot to foot then glance briefly into her eyes and give a faint smile.

"Sure, thanks."

Her returned smile is relieved, but still rather worn out. I wonder what made her that way.

The place I ended up leaving the dog that night was a beautiful, if forgotten, fenced off yard that likely belonged to a house at some point. After all the development started, buildings were quickly and haphazardly built up, making things like this get put aside and forgotten. When all the grime was washed out, the dog seemed to have a husky's eye color and facial pattern, but a retriever's coat and coloration. It made for a striking and beautiful combination. A few days later, I collect the dog with Rowan and take her to a local vet. On the way there we discuss names, and Rowan eventually decides what to call her.

"Her name shall be Tula. It means peak or new moon in Souix."

I look at her and then voice my thoughts.

"How the hell do you know that?"

She gives a cheeky smile and strokes Tula's ears, the dog being ensconced in my arms. I don't have a leash for her yet and don't want her running off.

"My mom's mom is Souix so I'm a quarter hun. I like it, and I'm calling her that whenever I see her so she'll learn it."

I chuckle and as we walk, something pops into my head. I stop walking and look at her seriously, if not with a bit of hesitancy. The thought feels very out of character for me, but Rowan has been a very good friend and I feel I should do something for her. She looks at me expectantly when we stop, and waits for me to spill whatever is on my mind.

"Hey, I don't know if this will work or not, but if everything works out with the vet, I can see about training her to be a guide dog for you. If-if that's ok of course."

She cocks her head and looks thoughtful for a moment.

"You can do that?"

"Yeah, I'm good at training dogs. If she has the proper temperament, the hardest part would be training her to your specific needs. As long as she's trained and in good health, we just have to show her competency to a certified trainer and that's it. (1)"

She hums and turns her head forward and we start walking again. After a few moments I glance back at her and find a smile worming onto her face. Tula turned out to be in good health, and we got her spayed a few weeks after she got her shots and flea treatment. Rowan managed to get permission to keep the dog and all I had to do was train her. Granted, her parents said that the dog would be completely her responsibility. I agreed to help with the vet expenses while Rowan took care of her food. Her personality turned out to be a perfect blend of calm and attentive, with just a bit of a protective streak. It will be a while before I can find someone to certify her, so for now Rowan is just using her when walking around town. Most people don't ask and let the dog inside their stores; but when they don't Rowan either uses her cane, or hangs onto me when I'm with her.

Spring Break is rolling around and Rowan, Rayne, and I are discussing what to do during lunch. Black or White(2) is blaring through the speakers and the cafeteria is rather crowded today, the rain outside preventing anyone from eating out there. I personally don't care what we do, since I would normally spend time at home and go to work. To be honest, I feel like an idiot that this conversation is even happening, but it is and I simply have to go along with it. Rowan says that she's fine with anything, and that just leaves Rayne's suggestion of setting things on fire in a graveyard. Ok, so she possibly mentioned setting a corpse on fire, but I'm trying to suppress that bit.

Rayne is in the same year as us and just popped up at our table one day after weeks of staring at us and following me around. She even followed me home a few times, making me wonder if I should have tried losing her before getting there. It was too late for that anyways, and she never did anything after I got to the front door. Other than being plain fucking creepy, she's a rather tall Beta girl with deep ebony skin and shoulder length braids that have been dyed bright purple. I don't know what her normal eye color is because she's always wearing these yellow contacts that vividly contrast with her skin. Needless to say, she stands out in any room. The only explanation on why she just decided to hang out with us she gave, was that I was sufficiently creepy to be allowed in her company. She also liked that Rowan didn't play by The Man's rules.

Other than being in the habit of sneaking dead rodents into people's lockers and desks that she took offense to, neither Rowan or I had any reason to avoid her. And so, we come to her suggestion. Rowan raises her eyebrows in her direction as Rayne just grins like a deranged leprechaun. No, just no.

"I'm not sure about actual bodies, but that sounds like a good suggestion as any. Will?"

I just stare at her incredulously and then sigh, planting my face in my hands.

"Yeah, sure, whatever. For one night, though, I don't really want to go to jail for, whatever you would classify that as."

"You mean living?"

I just glare at Rayne and go back to eating. I catch Rowan slyly grinning in the corner of my eye, and then she says something much more reasonable.

"It's called desecration of a body hun, and we can all meet in the graveyard for one night. How about on another we get together and get our homework done? That way we can pretend that we are mature for Will's sanity."

Rayne just shrugs and the bell rings, signaling lunch is done and cutting off the end of the song.

We decided to do the study session at my place on the Monday of Spring Break. That way it was out of the way and we would have time to disrespect the dead without worry. I can't believe that I, as an ex-cop, special FBI agent and 40 year old, am having a *study group* and engaging in teenage shenanigans. Oh well, I may have been middle aged when I died, but I'm a teen now and I may as well act the part. To be honest, after everything I've been through and after killing Dolarhyde, I feel like certain things just don't bother me anymore. Or maybe I'm just bottling all the stress up and am just working my way up to another psychotic breakdown. Either way, I just can't do much about my situation except truck along as best I can.

They both get to my place, Rowan with Tula at her side, around noon. We plow through the assigned homework that may as well be a joke, and then sit around and chat afterwards. We pass the time making fun of TV characters and snacking on whatever is at hand. Several hours later, around five, my dad stumbles in through the door. He already reeks slightly of booze and his eyes are glassy. I quickly signal for them to get up and abandon the TV, knowing he's going to want it as soon as he can get to it. We try to go to my room, but my dad doesn't move out of the doorway. He just stands there and glares at Rowan, steadily getting redder about the face with each passing second. Worried, I try to get dad's attention, hoping that I can distract him from whatever he's upset about.

"Dad? You ok? Did something happen?"

In an instant the man explodes, finally turning his gaze to me.

"What the fuck is this Omega *bitch* doing in here!"

I just blink at his shoulder in shock as my words die in my throat. He then turns back to Rowan and roughly grabs her arm, hauling her roughly towards the door before I can stop him.

"I don't know what you were planning when you came here, but you aren't welcome! Get out and never come back. And stay the hell away from my son!"

He tosses her out, Rayne sidestepping him and assisting her before she could fall, and slams the door on her shuttered face. He turns on me again, still red faced and heaving in anger. Finally catching up with the situation, my own temper flares to the front.

"What the hell Dad! They're my friends from school! What gives you the right to come in here and yell at them!?"

"Friend? Ha! Omega's are nothing but whores, just like your mother! And since when did you have friends? No, that, that, *thing*, is just using you like your mom used me!"

Any argument I could have made died with this revelation. My mom was an Omega?

"You will stay the fuck away from her, you hear me? Now get out of my sight, I have to get her stink out of here. Ruined the whole fucking day. Shit!"

I speechlessly go to my room as he stumbles around, likely looking for the air freshener and disinfectant. The next day dad complains to me about the flaming squirrel that they found in his toolbox at work.

Chapter End Notes

(1) there is no registry or id for service dogs and certified trainer only give out certificates half of the time. usually, if the disability is obvious and the dog serves a direct job for the person, no one questions the animal. go to this website for more information and beware of scammers http://servicedogcentral.org/content/node/262
(2) Black and White by Michael Jackson top 100 1992

see you soon.

Forgiveness Comes With Arson

Chapter Summary

Mischa knows best and Will learns how to live a little, or Where the boys learn the meaning of life, always listen to women.

Chapter Notes

it took a while for Damia to get to this, but here you go!

Edit: Of_Stories_Told informed me of some timeline confusion so I made a minor story edit. Just to clarify, Hanni jumps in during winter of 1980 and will jumps in during early fall of 1990 they remain 10-11 years apart in the original and abo universe

i apologize for the confusion

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mischa; my beautiful, sweet, angelic Mischa. After losing her all those years ago, I never thought I would be able to see her again, let alone hold her. I grip her tighter as I finally register our surroundings of smoke, screams, and blood. I remember this night, it's 1980 and the night mother and father were killed. Our estate, along with all of the servants, burned to the ground and became a blackened ruin. I managed to escape with Mischa, avoiding our attackers who were misguided freedom fighters attempting to be rid of Soviet rule(1). We escaped only to be trapped in the forest by the harsh winter, and I lost her too.

Not this time, no, I have her again and won't let go. I quickly disengage from our embrace, but keep hold of her hand as I lead us away from the cupboard where we had sequestered ourselves. Hiding will do nothing when everything is burning to the ground around you. We rush along the smoky halls and down the stairs to the main floor, where it seems the attack is still taking place despite the growing blaze. Not that it matters; I have no intention of drawing their ire towards us, I just want to get out in one piece for now. We dart out along the wall and jump around the splintered, smoldering remains of the front door. Without anyone the wiser, we disappear into the depths of the awaiting forest, not even stopping to take in the burning wreckage of our past.

Once we make it to the cave where we hid in my past life, we stop and I allow Mischa to finally breathe. I watch her tiny form collapse onto the dirt covered stone and gasp for air, her delicate chest fluttering up and down with each desperate gasp. I am far from such a state, still fresh and calm despite our hasty flight. I suppose that this is one of the many perks of my

newfound state. I believe the demon, or Satan I suppose, stated that I would have enhancements along with other things he failed to explain fully to me. I will have to figure it all out, but in due time. I have to focus and make sure *both* of us survive the winter.

For now we can wait until tomorrow. That way I can go back to our old home and see if anything can be scavenged before heading for the village. Last time we were lost and had no clue as to what to do when a nasty blizzard set in. This time, I know exactly where to go and how long it will take. The only outlying variable would be Mischa. I have no idea how far she would be able to travel in a day, and I would need to worry about food for two. Luckily, thanks to our attackers, we'll have no problems with finding food. We will simply need a means to carry what we will need with us.

The next day, after lightly dozing, I decide to head out just after sunrise. The night was relatively uneventful, I only stirred when Mischa whimpered and cried in my arms. Before I can leave for the house, Mischa clings to me with tears in her terrified eyes, preventing me from exiting the cave.

"Hanni, where are you going? Don't leave me alone!"

I stroke her face, the soot from last night smearing across her cheek even more as her tears fall. My face softens as I continue to soothe her, tucking a singed golden lock behind her ear.

"I must go back and see if there is anything we can use from whatever is left of our home. We will need supplies if we are to make it to the village that is a few days from here. Perhaps longer, if the weather doesn't hold."

I know it won't, but I technically don't know that at this point. I watch as her brows furrow and she grips my sleeve tighter.

"I'm going with you."

I sigh and shake my head, about to refute her when she yanks on my arm and stamps her foot, putting on full display how young she is. Only eight to my thirteen and I will be even more damned if she doesn't see the spring.

"No! You're all I have now Hanni! I won't slow you down, I can help! Just don't leave me!"

She completely breaks down now, all her pain and stress from yesterday overflowing, and it crushes me. I quickly gather her in my arms and shush her, whispering assurances and begging her to calm. Once we come to better grips with ourselves, I take her hand and we set off.

“Ok, I’ll take you with me, but you will hide in the forest until I know that it is completely safe for you. Do you understand?”

She hastily nods and we quicken our pace a bit, reaching the still simmering ruins of our home within the hour. Mischa never let go of me once, and remained admirably steady on her feet the entire way back. A brittle courage shone in her eyes, mixing with the pain that she was holding at bay. We halt at the edge of the forest, and I scent the air. I am amazed at how much better my sense of smell is now compared to before. Other than the obvious stench of burned wood and crisped flesh and blood, there are the notes of fear, anger, and the approaching snow. I managed to get all this from the edge of the forest when I normally would have to be at least a few metres away to pick these smells up. I don’t smell or even hear anything that is still alive in the vicinity, and slowly approach the house. I signal for Mischa to wait at the tree line.

The smell gets to be almost unbearable as I get closer, making my eyes water as I desperately try to control my olfactory senses. I suppose this would be the downside to an enhancement to something that was already above average. I will simply have to get used to this, and find ways to deal with possible overloads in the future. After ascertaining that we are truly alone, I wave her over. She quickly rushes over to me and re-attaches our hands. I allow a fond look to pass over my face before steeling it into calm tranquility once again. I gesture at the wreckage and give her a stern look.

“Mischa, you must know that there will be dead bodies beyond here, bodies of people we knew. I will not blame you should you wish to wait here.”

She glares at the ground, frown marring her plump cherubic face, but her grip does not falter. I sigh again and then turn to the ruins and lead us on.

“Ok, we will need something to carry our finds in along with a knife or two. I doubt we will find proper food but do keep an eye out.”

I see her nod and start to look about in my periphery, her gaze only slightly resting on the blackened and bloodied corpses. To her credit, she just stiffens and continues in her visual search. In the end, we manage to find a burlap sack in what used to be the kitchen pantry. We also manage to find a knife amongst the remnants of the kitchen. Most of the food has either been destroyed in the attack or looted, but we do find some bruised fruit and a hardened loaf of bread. I don’t feel like we have enough though, and go back to one of the least burned and damaged corpses. I grip the knife in my hand, but pause when I sense Mischa lurking at my back. I turn to her and put on a stern face, hoping she doesn’t argue.

“Mischa, go back to the tree line, I will join you shortly.”

She shakes her head and I huff, reigning in my irritation. I gently try to shove her in the desired direction, but she stamps her blasted foot again. She grabs the front of my shirt this time, and refuses to let go or move.

“Mischa, you do not want to see this, trust me.”

“Oh? Not going to show her your extra curricular activities? How dull.”

I swing around, Mischa's grip slipping from my shirt in surprise. A feral snarl bursts from my lips as I brandish my knife at the interloper, only to stop short as I look up into Will's eyes. No, not Will's, the Devil's. I hear Mischa squeak behind me and tug at my shirt again.

"H-Hanni? What's going on, do you know him? Can you help us sir?"

His gaze shifts over to her and he smirks.

"Sorry short stuff, I've already helped out Hanni here. I was just popping in to give him a short tutorial before I get back to ruling Hell."

I look back at her confused expression before turning back to Him, schooling my face and posture. I lower my knife and then nod at him to proceed. It seems Mischa will have to know now. I don't think I could have kept such things from her forever, but I didn't want to heap everything on her at once. Besides, I would like to know a bit more about my powers without having to experiment and guess.

Spring Break ends with no more problems. I, of course, ignored dad's demand and met with Rowan and Rayne at the closest graveyard. At the very least, I was intending to apologize for what happened at my place. Rowan rejected the sentiment flat out, dismissing it with a wave of her hand.

"Don't bother hun, I know it wasn't your fault. I'm simply happy that you're here, I didn't want to send Rayne to kidnap you."

Rayne grins evilly at that and I simply chuckle in relief, giving the dark skinned girl a pointed look at her thin eyebrow.

"By the way, how did you send dad a squirrel that was still on fire?"

"Trade secret."

I smile wider.

"Of course."

Rowan huffs and then claps her hands, Tula looking at her quizzically but remaining still.

"Right, I don't know about you two, but I'm ready to set some fires, possibly even desecrate the dead at the same time."

I just shake my head at her cheeky smile while Rayne beams, producing a duffel bag from behind a headstone. It's filled with various supplies, like lighters, fuel, and fireworks. We

managed to go through several explosives and a myriad of pictures before I was forced to put my foot down. Rayne went for one of the family vaults(2) and I had to stop her; stating that, yes, the bodies were going to turn to ash anyway, but that was hardly an excuse. The night ended soon after, and we didn't meet up again until we were back in school.

Nothing of note happened the rest of the year, and if dad smelled Rowan on me at all he never commented. He did withdraw even further into himself, and hit the bottle even harder than anytime before. Which really wasn't new or unexpected, dad was always an alcoholic and will continue in being one. It's the reason I set out on my own as soon as I turned eighteen, and I never bothered keeping tabs on him afterwards. I attended his funeral when I was twenty-five but didn't mourn him too heavily; you can't miss someone you never knew after all. I'll admit this version was there for me more than mine, what with helping me get a job and a savings account, but he's still just as absent and abrasive. I wonder just when it was that I stopped expecting things from him and learned to only rely on myself. Not that it really matters, it's better not to have high expectations at this point.

Chapter End Notes

(1) in the 80's, Lithuania was attempting to gain freedom from Russia and got it in 94. it was a rather peaceful affair, but I figured I could use it

(2) in New Orleans, everything is below sea level so bodies usually can't be buried below ground. Most are placed in family vaults, where they get rotated and eventually get cremated by the heat. the ash is stored collectively at the bottom.

Hope you like, and i will hopefully get another chapter out soon.

Summer Lovin'

Chapter Summary

Butt stuff, 'nuff said

Chapter Notes

had me a blaaast. summer lovin, happened so faaaast. i totally have that song stuck in my head now, fucking movie. i made a minor edit to the last chapter in case you missed it. we had too much fun with this again.

we really love the comments btw

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of the school year passed with no incidents, and I'm back at the docks helping at the place I worked at last summer. I'm also keeping the job at the pharmacy during the weekends, to keep the money flow up. It's exhausting, but I've saved quite a lot; not that I know what to do with it aside from paying for Tula's vet visits. She's almost fully-grown now, and her gold and ivory fur is absolutely stunning. Especially now that she's eating way better than she was on the streets.

Rowan accused me of being a money grubbing old shut in, and demanded that I take a day off, hang out with her at the closest mall, and buy her food. All in that order. I was unable to refuse because she said that if I didn't call in to work, she would; and she wouldn't be tactful about it. She also mentioned something along the lines of me going to the hospital because of something to do with my butt. So here we are, sitting in the food court and staring at our surroundings. I obviously am the one describing people's looks and what they're doing, while Rowan makes witty quips about them. This stirs up amusing conversations about people's fantastical lives, and the 'scandals' they're embroiled in. Rayne would be here, but she said that she was busy stalking her latest quarry, and had no time for us. The flake.

"Oh there's one, it's a man sitting at a table in the middle of the café. He is sipping what seems to be a mocha, possibly non-fat. Good looking in a soft kind of way, and looks like a businessman with slicked brown hair and a nice suit. It's an off the rack kind though, not tailored. His shoes look like they cost more than three of Tula's vet visits, and it seems that he's making eyes at the waitress who has a ring on her finger."

"Oh my, it seems she's making them back. What scandal. Tell me, Will, is there a baby bump, or is it too soon to tell?"

I smile and turn back to her.

“Definitely a baby bump, do you think it’s his or her actual partners?”

She leans her chin on her hand and drums her fingers along the side of her face, thinking for a bit.

“Hmmm, that’s the fun part. It’s her partners’. Mr. Fresh and Proper is convinced it’s his since she slept with him a few months ago, and has been trying for an encore ever since. He’s planning on ordering a paternity test and, no matter who the father really is, her transgressions will be exposed.”

She then sighs and shakes her head, shrugging in a ‘what can you do’ kind of way.

“He hopes that she will then have no choice but to be with him. Little does he know that she loves neither, only the money and attention.”

I chuckle down into my sandwich and look back up at her.

“Did we just write a soap opera?”

She looks back at me with a sly little grin and snorts.

“Only saps watch those for the story. Anyone with a brain can tell that they’re just comedies wrapped in a frilly bow and then repeated at infinitum.”

“Doesn’t that still make them boring and unoriginal?”

She takes a sip of her iced tea and sets it back down.

“You can’t account for taste hun.”

This goes on for a bit longer with different people, until I catch sight of a rather familiar figure. I double take and stare at some kid who is just coming out of a bookstore. He’s relatively tall looking from this distance, and has pale blond hair that is brushed back behind his ears. His face, particularly his cheeks and jaw, has a very subtle sharpness to it under his soft, pale skin. He is neatly dressed, looking like one of those catholic husbands, and carries himself with as much grace as any teenager possibly could. I stare at him as he walks into the sandwich shop, only startling back into reality when Rowan clears her throat.

“You ok Will? Do I have to do CPR, because I am not putting my mouth on yours; too many germs.”

“How would you know? It’s not like you’ve seen it.”

She smirks and leans back into her chair.

“Two words, man germs. I don’t want your cooties infecting me.”

“At least Tula appreciates me.”

“That only makes me more concerned for you hun.”

We laugh at that and continue with our banter for another hour or so, before we have to leave and go our separate ways. The summer continues on as normal, with me taking Friday’s off to meet Rowan at the mall for our new favorite activity. Rayne eventually joins us with a tag along of her own. It seems that the person whom she was stalking was a girl named Gale, who apparently is in the same grade as us. She has mousy brown hair that extends to the middle of her back, and has slightly tan skin that freckles mildly along her nose.

She’s a Beta girl who constantly wears long sundresses and the occasional braid in her hair, which has beads or flowers woven in. She is obviously a flower child from the way she softly speaks about the earth, and looks horrified at any form of meat product. She also has a very terrifying obsession with pickles, eating them whenever possible; even with things that don’t need them anywhere near their vicinity. I would question why Rayne has her hanging with us at all, but I had picked up on her feelings for her when our eyes met briefly. She loves her, or at least has a deep crush on her, and I decided it was best to leave it be. It will either develop further, or it won’t. Either way, it isn’t any of my business.

The summer soon fades into autumn, and we’re back in school again. Rowan and I are sharing many classes together, along with an occasional one with Rayne and Gale. Those two got together at some point, and became an official item at last. Nothing much has changed yet this year, except for all the gossip about some foreign student from Germany who’s a senior. Why, out of all the schools in the country, he chose one in a rather poor district in a state that is as far south as you can get, is beyond me. Maybe he doesn’t care about his education or his future at all. Well, I can’t really criticize, but I didn’t really have much of a choice in the matter.

It’s about three weeks into my sophomore year, and two weeks from my 16th birthday, which is the 20th of September, when I finally meet the famed new student. I’m walking down the halls to my third class, when someone gently tugs on my sleeve; startling me before he plants himself in my way. My eyes flit over him briefly as I frown from the sudden intrusion, as well as wonder where I’ve seen this guy before. He gently smiles and raises his hands in apology, finally letting go of my sleeve.

“My apologies, I would have called out to you but I didn’t know your name. Mine is Falk Alonsa, may I have the pleasure of hearing yours?”

I frown deeper at this guy and grumble out my reply, keeping my eyes trained on his chest. He has a rather thick accent, it sounds like his words are being forced past his teeth and gums. I inhale a bit and it seems that he’s a Beta, a rather weak smelling one as far as Beta scents go. Not as weak as my non-existent smell of course. I’m almost 16, and I’m pretty sure that I presented and didn’t notice because I have no scent to speak of. It might be because of my past life, but I’m not going to question it too much at this point.

“Will Graham. Did you need something, or can I go now?”

Falk shifts his weight, lowering the hand he had extended in greeting when I didn’t take it. He clears his throat a little nervously, and continues on.

“Ah, well, I simply wished to get to know you. I saw you and your friends over the summer at the shopping centre and thought your conversations were quite entertaining, among other things.”

Oh, now I remember where I’ve seen him. My frown deepens as I start to shift back and forth, soon huffing and skirting around him.

“That’s nice, but I have to get to class. Bye.”

I hurry on before I can hear any complaints. I may have inadvertently made friends in this life, but that doesn’t mean I want some near stranger blatantly hitting on me. I get to my class just in time, and sit down at my desk that is to the left of Rowan’s. He might have been interested in me before, but he surely won’t be now that he’s gotten a taste of my surliness.

I was wrong, that Falk guy wasn’t put off in the slightest by my attitude. In fact, I think he was encouraged by it. He kept trying to engage me in conversation between our classes, and I kept being anti-social and downright rude; aborting his attempts to communicate and be friendly, in favor of getting to my classes on time. I thought I had finally managed to dissuade him one day when he didn’t stop me in the hall like usual, but he had only decided to ambush me at lunch instead. The gang and I were eating and chatting around our food, Gale sucking on some pickle slices, when someone cleared their throat. Once he caught our attention, he smiled gently down at us, gesturing to the free seat between Rowan and I. Mostly staring at me the entire time.

“Sorry to interrupt you all, but may I sit here?”

None of us really say anything, and he plops down with his food anyway with a smile. Rowan is the first to break the ice as she turns her head in his direction, her face placid as it usually is around people outside the group.

“So, judging by your accent you must be the foreign student in senior year. Care to enlighten us as to why you’ve graced us with your presence?”

“Ah, yes, from Germany right? What kind of local vegetarian recipes do you know?”

Gale asked with her usual zen face and breathy voice, while Rayne just looks at him with calculating eyes. Falk turns a pleased smile to the two, and responded with a grace only Hannibal could outmatch. The thought makes me grimace and pick my food apart instead of eat it.

“Yes, my name is Falk and am indeed from Germany. I must admit that I have been trying to befriend your dear Will here, but he has been quite busy and hasn’t had much time to

converse. In regards to your question, ah-“

“Gale, that’s Rowan and this is Rayne, my girlfriend.”

“Gale, thank you. I am not much of a cook, but I could certainly find out for you.”

She smiles easily, and hums in contentment. It’s her way of saying she likes or agrees with something. Rayne simply narrows her eyes, and stabs her fork into the food on her tray; keeping eye contact with him until he nervously diverts over to Rowan.

“Ah, Rowan correct? I have heard that you have problems with your eyesight. I am curious, are you completely blind or can you see a bit?”

I cringe away from him as he asks this horribly awkward question, and cough. What the hell is wrong with this guy? Rowan, to her credit, simply raises her eyebrows a tad, eyes flickering in my direction before turning fully to him.

“I am fully blind, have been since birth because of a genetic defect. Do you have anymore deeply personal questions for me, or are you going to stop trying so hard to get Will’s attention?”

Falk splutters out an apology and finally focuses on his food, and I fight not to laugh; only failing to keep a smirk off my face. After a few minuets, I feel sorry for the guy and actually initiate the conversation this time.

“So, what part of Germany are you from, and why in god’s name did you come to New Orleans?”

Chapter End Notes

you totally thought there was going to be sex in this chapter, didn't you. don't lie to me now

Revelations and Expectations

Chapter Summary

and awkward flirting

Chapter Notes

I have to put two warnings for this chapter. One, Will is 16 and is, in the state of Louisiana, underage. So, technically, this is statutory. Two, things go a little wrong near the end. This is as much warning that I can give without spoilers. It's after the line break and you can skip it, but I'm pretty sure you'll be confused if you do. It's entirely up to you.

thanks for all comments, subs, and kudos. we enjoy them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Over the next month, Falk continues to sit with us during lunch. He thankfully backs off a bit, making the conversations a lot less awkward and cringe worthy. That didn't mean he stopped trying to get my attention; no, he just stopped trying to force it from me as much. The most obvious attempt was when he tried to make lunch for me one day, just handing me a plastic container that had some kind of breaded chicken with eggs inside. I hesitantly take it, ignoring Rowan's bemused look, and try it. Free food is nice, but he obviously doesn't know what he's doing. The outside of the chicken is overcooked, while the inside is slightly undercooked. The eggs are just too runny for my taste, and likely unsafe for consumption.

"How is it? I tried to make something simple to get the hang of things."

I shrug and eat it anyway, while he looks at me with expectation. Once I swallow a few bites I look back up at his waiting form.

"Not the best I've had, and it needs a lot of work. You might want to taste your food before assuming it's ok. Don't get me wrong, the taste is alright, but it's not cooked properly. I absolutely wouldn't have eaten it if I wasn't sure I had an iron stomach."

He looks away sheepishly, and I catch Rowan's lips twitching from restrained laughter. Rayne reaches over and tweaks the food away, eating some herself to Gales' horror. Gale starts spluttering about the treatment of animals and diseases found in the food, and Rayne continues to antagonize her until the container is finally empty. Falk eventually composes himself with a sheepish smile, and makes an awkward attempt to eat.

“Well, at least I know what to improve upon now. Thank you Will, for your assistance.”

I just raise my eyebrow at him, and eat the lunch I brought for myself before it’s time to go back to class. Even this interaction didn’t seem to deter him, and I began to feel both amusement and pity for the poor guy. As a result, I eventually began easing up around him, and we began seeing each other during more than lunch. This includes a time when he walked with me to my job one afternoon. It was a pretty uneventful trip, until it was time to part ways. Right after I said good-bye to him and try to turn away, he grabs my arm and pulls me in for a kiss. It’s a chaste thing, and only lasts for a couple seconds before he pulls away and smiles, waving as he leaves.

I wouldn’t say that I’m shocked; I knew of his interest, and simply ignored it in favor of my amusement towards the situation. I didn’t react because I was just a bit surprised, and curious about what I felt when our lips joined. I suppose I could say that I was just plain curious, not repulsed at all and wondering just how far we could take it. I’m not in love, but something draws me to him. It somewhat eases the ache that I’ve been feeling ever since I died. I’m not sure what that ache is exactly, but if he can help me forget about it then I’m going to take what I can get.

I easily slip into my newfound relationship with Falk, and have been spending far more time with him than with anyone except Rowan; the girl finding as many ways to poke fun at him as possible. This served for endless entertainment, as Falk never quite got the hang of dealing with her. He would more often than not splutter and attempt to recover the conversation, only for her to derail it again; keeping the cycle going. Falk attempted to cook again, and I didn’t even to bother eating it this time. I just slid it over to Rayne and Gale, looking over to him and sighing deeply. He has the good sense to look sheepish.

“Since it’s obvious you don’t have any idea of what you did wrong the first time, I’m just going to have to teach you. If not me then find someone else. Or you could just give up.”

He looks at me intrigued, and then cocks his head to the side.

“You know how to cook Will?”

I snort at him, and notice that Rayne is simply poking at the food instead of eating it. Gale offers a prayer for the wasted life that was taken from this world, and Rowan stoically sips her milk.

“I’m better at it than you. Seriously, how do you survive on your own?”

Falk doesn’t have a host family, he’s finishing his mandatory education here before going to a business school. After that, He’s helping out with the family business. I believe it involves importing and exporting various goods. He’s a typical spoon-fed “rich” kid that is used to getting what he wants. I think the only reason he’s interested in me, is because I’m abrasive towards him and call him on his shit. Cliché as hell, and straight out of a teen drama, but I’m not opposed to it for now.

“Well, how about you come to my place and give a lesson on the basics? I may be more of a hands on learner than a visual one.”

He leans into me and, quite poorly, attempts to hide a gleam in his eye. Rowan coughs loudly into her raised hand and looks towards Falk.

“Down boy, our poor Will doesn’t need you violating his space with your naughty thoughts. Honestly, we trusted you with him, do we need to chaperone you two?”

That spurs a laugh from me, and he separates awkwardly from my bubble. We continues eating and, not two weeks later, I find myself at his place attempting to show him how to cook.

I had decided to show him how to properly cook fish, since that’s what I had the most experience and confidence with. His apartment was in a nicer part of town, but still close to the school. It’s a one-bedroom affair, located on the top floor of a three-story building. The square footage was decent for the area, if a bit on the spacious side for one person. It has a very sparse kitchen that barely fits me, let alone the two of us. Yet here we were, squished side to side standing in front of the stove, watching the fish snap and pop in it’s own juices. While we waited, we made a bit of inane small talk.

After the fish was done, I moved the pan to the side and quickly grilled some vegetables. I monitored Falk’s effort to emulate me, giving him pointers and queues when needed. All in all, he did much better this time. We took the food, and some soda that he had in the fridge, into the living room to eat. We both settled next to each other on his plush couch, and turned on the TV. We watched some boring sitcom drone on while continuing to talk, while the food quickly disappeared. The conversation faded out, and we settled into a somewhat comfortable silence.

I’m about to call it a night, when I feel his hand gently land on my knee, sliding slowly up my thigh. The noise of the show fades to the background as I start focusing on his hand. He steadily grows bolder from my non-action, and adds a little bit of pressure to the movement. Curious to see where this will go, and just a little bit aroused, I lean into him and let his other hand settle on my face. We share a much deeper kiss than we shared before, if a bit clumsier. Our lips are moist from eating and drinking, and slide together easily. I soon open my mouth, wanting to go a bit further. I wonder if I should lead since I, technically, have the most experience between us.

Finally making a decision, I slide my tongue along his lips. I try to move him backwards along his side of the couch, and onto his back. He eagerly opens his mouth for me, but is more reluctant to give me control. So I back off a bit and let him lead again. After a minuet of rather sloppy kissing, I decide to take over again. I know he’s 18, but I do have more experience than him and this isn’t doing it for me anymore. A boner can only last so long without stimulus after all. I break the kiss and gently coax him back, offering a reassurance when he tries to protest again.

“Relax, I know you want to lead but I know what I like better than you do. So let me show you ok? I’ll give you some more of that “hands on” training you like.”

I watch his pupils dilate, and he nods enthusiastically. He finally lets me push him back onto the couch and straddle him, my hips hovering just over crotch. I keep just enough of my weight off of him to not be painful, but enough to get the point across. I lean down to kiss him again, and remove myself just as he gets into it. I guide his hands up my stomach, underneath my shirt, and gently rock my hips back and forth. His hands are smaller then I would like, and still hesitant. After ensuring that he was going to keep his hands busy without prompting, I start kissing him again. I let my hands do some exploring of their own, running them through his coarse hair. I slowly slide them down his still developing chest, undoing the buttons as I go and finally manage to feel his skin beneath mine. It’s soft and young without any trace of hair or scars, making me draw back a little from an unknown feeling. Before I can analyze it too much, he jerks his hips and firmly swipes his hands down my back. I grunt in response to his boldness. I take a deep breath and grind back down into him, drawing moans from both of us as a result. This continues on for a bit longer before my teenage biology sneaks up on me. My end is approaching far too quickly, and I feel trapped in my too tight jeans. I gasp rapidly as we continue to grind and paw at each other, caught between wanting to draw it out more and just giving in.

“F-Falk, I’m going to- Oh! Han-!”

I slap my hand over my mouth and freeze, my eyes widening in horror at my near slip up. I almost called out Hannibal’s name and ruined everything. Well, it’s still ruined, because the realization that I was thinking of him the entire time had pretty effectively killed the mood for me. My buzz is pretty much dead, and I have the deep urge to hide under the covers and brood like a teenage girl. I try untangling myself from Falk but he catches my hips, giving me a confused look.

“Will? What-“

I jerk back out of his grip and look away from him, already feeling exposed and ashamed. Why the hell am I still thinking about him? It’s been years, and I probably won’t ever see him again. Well, my version of him anyway.

“Stop, I need to stop. I’m not in the mood anymore.”

I try getting up from the couch, but his arms hold me in place. Ashamed and irritated, I look into his flushed and aggravated face. It’s a face so similar to, and yet not, Hannibal’s. Oh god, have I missed him so much that I latched onto the first person that came along that reminded me of him? What kind of lonely sap am I?

“What do you mean Will? Did I do something wrong?”

I shake my head and scrub my hands over my face. I ignore, for now, the tightening grip on my arms.

“Look, I just realized I’m not as into this as I thought I was. It’s not fair to either of us to continue this, and I just-“

My words halt when he suddenly jerks on my arm, pulling me further into him. I look up to see the fury in his eyes, as his left hand grips the back of my neck. This freezes me in place, and for some reason my body goes limp. I can only stare wide eyed at him as my pulse quickens from a long forgotten panic.

“What the hell do you mean by that? I thought we were going great, and you just stop for no reason?”

He shakes me, almost stopping my retort from forming. I can’t seem to get my limbs to move properly, and so resort to pleading, much to my humiliation.

“Stop! Falk, you’re fucking hurting me! Let go!”

His anger doesn’t subside, and he shoves me roughly to the floor. This causes me to hit my head on the way down, landing face first on the floor. My ears are ringing, and my vision sparks from the blow. I think I feel blood running down from my temple. Finally regaining the use of my arms, I prop myself up only to be shoved back down. Falk pins me with his legs, both on either side of my hips, as he starts yanking at my clothes. My body starts to shake as my panic rears its head fully. He shoves my shirt up and reaches around to tug at my belt. I start to struggle in earnest, trying to get turned around so I can fight back and not just uselessly shove his hands away from my crotch.

“Stop!”

Chapter End Notes

The answer is yes, I'm an asshole.

We were curious, do you guys like the chapter names and summaries? we usually intend them to be funny and give subtle hints

Vengeance in Aisle 10

Chapter Summary

not what you think

Chapter Notes

violence warning i guess.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It took us a week to get to the village, barely out pacing the storm. I managed to charm and elderly widow into letting us stay in return for doing chores and other jobs. We should be fine until our uncle Robertus is able to come collect us. I had managed to post a letter to him a day after we arrived, but I am unsure when it will be delivered to him. I don't wish to be here longer than necessary, and missing persons and unexplained corpses tend to be far more noticeable in small communities.

Mischa, to my immense pride and trepidation has taken all of the past events in stride. Of course she demanded to have a short service for the ones we lost, but remained quite composed after her moment of grief, and didn't even blink at the news of my current state. In fact, she asked my benefactor all manner of questions, to his immense delight. When I asked what she thought, she simply looked at me and said that as long as I never left her, she didn't care what I am or what I do. She didn't even balk at eating human flesh on our journey to the village.

I shake my head of the memories and continue into the forest, stalking my new prey. A day ago, some hunters had passed through. They only stopped to procure some provisions, before heading off into the forest to hunt. Pity that they are now the hunted, though I am not hunting merely for sustenance this time. Mischa may be safe back in the village, having agreed to stay as long as I was back by dusk, but that doesn't mean that my blood doesn't boil at the sight of those pigs. I scent the air as I trail a good distance from them, the first stirrings of the blizzard wafting about me. It is the same blizzard that trapped Mischa and I inside the cave, at the mercy of fever and fear. It is also the same one that forced these hunters to the brink of starvation.

They were the ones that took her from me, and they are the ones who dared feed me her while they waited out the storm. They may not have done it this time around, but they still will not leave this forest alive. As the snow begins to thicken in the air, I smell the beginnings of a fire. It seems that they have decided to camp for the night. This gives me time to ponder

on how I wish to dispatch them, tugging the thick coats that our hostess lent around me. I cock my head in the pigs' direction, as I come to a decision. Perhaps it is the perfect time to experiment with my new powers.

Motya(1) had insisted that we go on one last hunting trip before shacking up for the winter, hoping we would get at least one good kill in before the bad weather sets in. I wouldn't have agreed if we had a better hunt this year. Both of us had families back home to feed, and we desperately needed to find something to kill and sell. Even if we didn't sell it, we could at least eat the meat. I trudge behind Motya's flannel covered back, as we head further from the town and deeper into the forest. Snow begins to drift and pile around us, the chill freezing our breath instantly. It's only a few hours later when he signals for us to stop and camp for the night, the snow having only gotten worse as time passed. My friend sets his pack and rifle down in a relatively clear patch of ground, and starts setting up the old tent we brought. He briefly looks up at me, his mottled grey eyes peeking out from under gnarled brows.

"Vanya(2), could you see if there is any decent wood around? It looks like it's going to be a cold one tonight. Hopefully we find something before an actual blizzard comes."

I nod and set my own pack and gun down, heading out to see if there is anything dry, which is very unlikely. I will probably have to snap some branches off the trees and hope they burn well enough. Failing that, we will simply have to eat a cold dinner and get warm in the tent. As expected, the stuff on the ground is too soggy for use but I grab it anyway, if we do get a fire going it will still burn, just sizzle and spit before lighting. I bring it back to where Motya has cleared a small patch in the snow and put my burden down next to his feet.

"This stuff is too wet, give me the hatchet and I'll get some directly from a tree."

He nods and leans over his bag, grunting from the odd angle, and fishes out the medium sized hatchet we carry for situations such as these. Once he prizes it from the depths of the cloth, he hands it to me handle first, and carries on with his task of setting up the tent. I test the weight as I wander back into the thicket, and to my pre-selected tree. It's a Scots Pine, not too tall and plenty of short and slim branches that I can chop off easily. It burn quick and hot, and the needles will also make perfect fuel along with the old papers we brought. I get to work and revel in the sharp scent of the sap, as it struggles to ooze from the wounds inflicted before it freezes.

I cut off several limbs from one side of the tree, and proceed to hack them down into smaller pieces so I can stack and carry them easier. Once the small chore is done, I heave the stack up. The spiky limbs catch on the sleeves of my coat, and I haul my load back to camp. By the time I'm back, my clothes are starting to dampen from more than the falling snow. I'm panting for breath, as my skin flushes from heat and the chilled wind. I toss the branches

down next to the others, and plop down next to Motya on the only log in our camp. I have no wish to soak my pants on the ground, and the log is big enough for the both of us anyway.

Motya re-clears our prospective fire pit, and arranges some of the smaller branches into a raised pile. Some newspaper, and just a bit of lighter fluid is underneath the wood to help get the fire going. Once he lights it and waits to see if it will catch properly, he starts setting up to heat us some dinner. We only brought along some canned goods, nothing that would spoil or get ruined because of the weather. Heating it took no time at all, and we simply ate the soup straight from the can before tossing the waste aside. After, we just watch the fire burn, occasionally adding another branch. After awhile, I look up at the dark grey sky and sigh. It's likely almost sun down judging by the colour.

"Motya, do you think we'll get anything in this weather? We've obviously walked into a storm and we have no way of knowing how bad it will get."

He sighs as well and looks up at the sky, looking as world-weary as I feel.

"Yeah. I'm sorry, but we both got hit hard this year. I promise we'll keep the trip short. If we kill something, great. If not, oh well. At least we'll return home to our wives knowing that we at least tried."

He then looks back down at me, and claps a heavy hand onto my shoulder; smiling with forced optimism and hope. I huff out a long breath and watch the fog curl up and disappear into the sky. Hopefully, we don't get trapped or lost. We didn't bring that many provisions in our haste to leave, and it's only enough for a few days at most. As the fire dies down, we go inside the tent and bundle up for the night, planning for a very early start the next day.

I don't know what time it is when a shrill cry pierces the air. All I know is that it is pitch black and not even a hint of light filters through the canvas of the tent. Motya stirs next to me and sits up as well, looking at me in confusion. I hold up my hand, trying to see if the noise comes again. I am soon rewarded as another one rings out, sounding closer this time. We look at each other, excitement and hope filling us. It is the cry of a deer, and it isn't that far away. We quickly shrug the rifles over our shoulders and head off, hoping to catch it before it can move away. The weather seems to have at least abated slightly, and we swiftly make our way to where the noise came from. Its still very dark, but the soft light of our lanterns helps guide our way. I gaze around the snow-covered trees, carefully looking for tracks of any kind. The only sound piercing the stillness of the night, is the soft crunch of my boots in the snow, the animal having gone silent for a time.

I don't know how much time has passed as we wander further from the relative safety of our camp, and I don't even know if I am hallucinating when I catch sight of a magnificent looking stag through the gloom. It appears to be a large beast, almost 16 points, with a deep

ebony pelt that looked almost black. It also looks like it has feathers but that might just be the almost overwhelming excitement that is threatening to take over. I take several deep breaths and signal Motya to flank the creature, it's possible one of us could spook the beast and we can't let this opportunity slip by. I send a silent prayer to God, before setting the lantern down and dimming it.

Slowly, I ease my gun into position and hold my breath when it seems to glance my way. It cocks its massive head to the side, making me shudder. I almost feel like it's assessing me. He huffs out a few breaths then turns away. He slowly wanders off behind a rather large tree, and somehow disappears behind it. I carefully stalk forward, keeping an eye out to see where it's heading and where Motya is. I don't wish to bring condolences back, just food. When I'm finally at the tree, my eyebrows furrow and I have to stifle a groan of frustration. Impossible, the buck is nowhere to be seen and I didn't catch where it went.

I huff softly and look down at the ground, trying to see where the tracks lead; only to end up confused, as the tracks simply stop behind the tree and go no further. I lower the gun and frantically look about, hoping that I hadn't just lost our only hope for surviving this winter. Other than seeing strange gore marks on the bark where the tracks end, I find nothing. I'm about to call Motya over when I hear a thump come from behind me. I whirl around and come face to face with an unholy beast. I gawk at the creature as he sneers in my face, peering at me with milky eyes. I don't get the chance to do anything, as it suddenly lifts its withered black limb and lashes it out towards me.

I slowly drag the smaller hunter's unconscious body back to an abandoned barn, close to the village where I plan on storing him for easy access. The task is quite the chore despite the strength boost, because of my shorter stature. It is taking quite a bit longer than I would like. It doesn't bother me too much though, the day's hunt was both educational and satisfying. I'm planning on cutting this one to pieces, so Mischa and I can eat well while waiting for our uncle to take us away. Hopefully, our elderly hostess won't notice or question the extra meat we'll be eating. I don't have to share it with her, of course. Mischa and I can eat him ourselves without anyone being any the wiser.

I had decided to slowly eat this one over time, keeping him alive until it is simply no longer possible. The other one I will enjoy hunting down as I acquaint myself with my new body and powers. I had left the man stumbling around in the dark, unaware of his partner's fate. I'm not sure what I will do with him once I do kill him. Perhaps I will cut thin strips from him to preserve for later use, he looks like he would produce decent jerky. I finally set the hunter up in the far corner of the barn, and tie him with some rope. I gag him with some grimy socks that I had swiped from a clothesline beforehand. Once done, I look the pig over, deciding that he will be warm enough through the night. I leave him, satisfied that he won't be going anywhere any time soon, and head back to the house. I had informed Mischa earlier

that I would be returning quite late, and she merely nodded her understanding. Perhaps I will take his legs first, he won’t be needing them after all.

Chapter End Notes

(1) Motya means god has rewarded in russian
(2) vanya means god is gracious in russian

Scots Pine is native to that part of europe and is wonderfully flammable. trust me, i'm a pyro, i just know this stuff.
and before u guys start having a hannibal sized grump, wait for the next chapter. don't know how long that will be tho :D

Free Rayne

Chapter Summary

the posse don't play no games

Chapter Notes

I'll admit that this is the time of year when my depression gets bad and my motivation to do things gets shot in the head. i'm trying though, i'm still writing to keep my buffer up but things get hard sometimes. with that said, enjoy this chapter :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s evening on Thursday night when I decide to take Tula for a walk. We’re heading along the third of my five set paths that I follow. She really is amazingly trained, loyal and absolutely charming in her own way. Just like Will in fact. I tilt my head as I pass the first cemetery a few seconds early, thoughts straying to Will as Tula’s nails click on the pavement. I’m going to need to clip those soon. He is quite the enigma, not just to me but also to quite a lot of the kids at school. He’s a loner, and abrasive to pretty much everyone. Anyone not close to him would mistake him as shy and socially awkward. To his friends he’s still callous and abrasive, but willing to go above and beyond. He didn’t have to train, or even give Tula to me, after all.

I start to hum, allowing Tula to guide me around an obstacle. I may view people based off touch and their personality, but I do know that many people view Will as very attractive. According to the whispers of gossip around school, Will is arguably the third most attractive person. He’s ranked underneath the Alpha Axel and his Omega girlfriend Molly. He’s rather bony from what I have felt, likely brought on from a lifetime of poverty. He holds himself with a surety that ripples about him as he moves, and a kindness that twinkles like starlight(1). It’s beautiful and mesmerizing, but there’s a darkness too that I can feel. He quietly takes in and assesses those around him, ultimately finding most unworthy of his time and attention. People see this hidden grace and potential subconsciously, and don’t know how to deal with it. They’re unsure if they want it for themselves, or if it’s too scary to ponder. So many people decide to keep their distance and observe from afar. Either way, he’s a mystery that people wish to observe and pick apart, which only drives him further from their grasp.

Many are placing bets on what gender he’s going to present as, which should be any time now. That’s another odd thing about Will, he’s sixteen and hasn’t gone through his second stage yet. It’s by no means rare to present late, but he seems utterly unconcerned about it. Its like he is completely at home with an incomplete body, and would like nothing more than for

it to remain that way. Not that I have any problem with that, I love Will for exactly who he is. If he wishes to be just male, then more power to him. It's his body to do with as he pleases, and no one has any right to interfere with or say anything about it. I draw to a halt as Tula abruptly sits and whines, leaning forward in a way she only does when Will is around. I tilt my head and hear ragged breaths and shuffling feet a ways in front of me, heading along the path I was taking.

"Will? What are you doing out so late?"

I hear his footfalls cease and I approach him, stopping only when I'm in touching distance. That's when I catch a faint whiff of blood and tears. My face freezes as I wait for my beloved friend to respond, as he shifts back and forth.

"R-Rowan! Ah, just taking a walk after finally teaching Falk how to properly cook food. He's not completely hopeless at least, managed not to fuck up the fish."

I nod and twirl a finger through a lock of Tula's silky fur, and then reach out to grab Will's arm. I notice the flinch, and the tremoring tension of his body at the contact. I gently smile, trying to sooth him as I release some pheromones and rub his arm. I then turn us back the way I had come.

"You're just in time then. My parents are out of town and I seem to be in need of a master chef. I'll let you spend the night and we can go to school together tomorrow. You do have your bag and stuff right?"

His body loosens slightly, still decidedly on edge, and takes the lead as we stroll back to the safety of my home. He gives a forced laugh and retorts to my claim.

"I don't know where to find you a master chef, but I can certainly help you stave off starvation for a bit longer."

"That's all I ask hun."

I gently pat his hand and start humming again. I wonder if Rayne would be home to answer the phone.

I leave Will to go off to his first class; he was never one to idle about when he could be somewhere else. I'm going to meet Rayne in her favorite secluded place, like we agreed last night. Will never mentioned what happened, but he didn't need to. Falk did something, and I will not stand by and let him get away with it. Will doesn't have to share until he's ready, but I will ensure that he is safe until he does. That's where Rayne comes in. I hear her greet me and touch my shoulder as I get to the meet up point.

“So, what did you need help with, and how does it involve Will?”

“Falk.”

I almost feel her curiosity and joy through her next words. Neither of us really liked him, what with all the posturing and near harassment. Rayne never disguised her feelings with indifference or near constant zen-like Gale and I. We just chose not to do anything, because we respected Will’s acceptance of him. We never understood why Will was interested, but he never judged us and he deserved the same courtesy in return. We are all entitled to our mistakes after all, no matter how stupid they are.

“Oh? What’s happened? And what exactly do you need me to do? I found a skunk the other day, and wanted to use it. I just haven’t found anyone worthy.”

I frown sadly as I think of what could’ve happened to Will, but shake it from my thoughts as I focus on what needs to be done.

“I’m not too sure. Will didn’t bring it up on his own, but I know he was hurt physically. I just don’t know how bad or in what way, take a look at him and Falk for me. For once I’m actually frustrated with my lack of eyesight, and I can’t protect him if I don’t know what to protect him from.”

“You got it, you’ll know everything you need to know next period, and Falk is definitely getting that skunk.”

I nod and head back towards class, I’ll make sure Gale can help keep an eye on Will when I can’t. I’m not stupid enough to believe that just because we’re at school that nothing will happen to him. From my experience, school was never a safe place. Either the teachers don’t care, or the students enable each other. If you don’t stand up when you see something, no one else will.

I feel kind of bad when it’s time for lunch, well, worse anyway. Truthfully I’ve been feeling guilty ever since Rowan found me last night and brought me to her place. She obviously noticed that something was wrong, but tactfully didn’t comment on it. I debated telling her all night, as I bandaged and doctored my wounds, but just couldn’t. The adrenaline didn’t die down until I crashed onto her couch at midnight, and I’m pretty sure I’m still fully in shock from what happened.

Never in all my years have I felt so helpless, weak, and betrayed. Not since Hannibal framed me for murder and had me institutionalized anyway. I felt so terrified when I threw up Abigail’s ear, like everything went to hell. Why did I ever forgive him for that anyway? Oh well, no use mulling over that when I have Falk to worry about now. I’ve been avoiding him

after everything that happened in his apartment. I was so sure he was going to track me down and confront me all day today, but the only ones who've been approaching me are the usual gang. Gale directly asked about the bruises, and wondered if I wanted some herbs to help with the pain. I politely declined the offer, not knowing exactly what kind of herbs she was offering. Drugs of that nature always made my empathy go into overdrive.

I manage to arrive at our usual spot first and right as I sit down, something clatters in front of me. I glance up at Rayne, and then back down at what seems to be a switchblade with an ivory lacquer handle, and a basic set of brass knuckles. I don't even touch them as I look back up at her, Rowan and Gale finally joining us. They all situate themselves, as Rayne simply ignores me and tucks into her lunch. Rhythm is a Dancer(2) is playing over the speakers. Jordan finally got permission to play music again after getting into trouble. One of the parents apparently had a problem with one of the songs last year, and he had to collect a bunch of signatures before he was allowed to play music again. Rowan speaks up then, confirming my forming suspicions.

"Did you give him the stuff Rayne?"

Rayne nods seriously at her and takes another bite, gesturing towards the objects still in front of me. She certainly has balls to bring these to school; she would get suspended just for having them on her.

"Yeah, and I made sure Falk got the message after third period."

I slap my hands down on the table then, not liking where this is obviously headed.

"Ok, hold up. Why have you given me weapons, and what the hell did you tell Falk? I don't know what you guys think happened, but I don't need you guys making it worse."

Rowan turns to me, her face perfectly made into a stoic mask. Only anger simmers through, bubbling just beneath the surface of her dark eyes.

"All I know is that you went alone to Falk's apartment, and came back upset. You smelled like blood and, from what Rayne and Gale tell me, covered in bruises. Rayne says that Falk is also sporting some bruises himself, but I don't really care about him. You don't have to say what happened, but we will help keep him away from you if that is what you want."

I gawk at her, my mouth flapping open and closed as her words strangle and choke me. I don't even know what to say about any of this. I just feel so overwhelmed by everything, and it takes everything I have not to either snap at them or to just outright laugh at the entire situation. I eventually take some shuddering breaths, and rub my hands over my face.

"It's not- he didn't. Fuck."

She reaches out and pats me on the arm, giving a reassuring smile.

"It's ok Will. You don't have to say anything at all. Take your time, we'll be here to listen when you need us."

I shake my head vigorously, gripping her hand in mine.

“No, it’s ok, I’m fine. It’s not what you think, at least, not completely. I decided I wasn’t as interested in him as I thought, and he wasn’t happy about it. We ended up having an, *altercation*. I managed to get out before it got really bad.”

She nods and squeezes my hand, before gently removing it so we can start eating. Rayne never took the weapons back, and even went as far as to slip them into my bag as we left for class. I only noticed them when rummaging for a pencil during the next period. I sighed and fought not to smile as a warm feeling settled in my chest. This is all so weird, I have no experience with this, but it feels good. I almost feel supported, and loved. I decide not to think about that any further as I divert my attention back towards the teacher.

Chapter End Notes

(1) i'm obviously not blind, so I'm not entirely sure how they see people. I did, however watch an interview about blind people describing what beauty is to them, so fuck off. i tried
(2) Rhythm is a Dancer by Snap top 100 in 1993
This is taking FOREVER!!!! ugh! in other news, I've got a date this weekend, so if i don't get raped/ murdered, i'll see you next chapter. as always, comments, kudos, and subs mean a lot.

Puberty Stinks

Chapter Summary

> "It's gettin hot in here, so take off all your clothes!"- by whoever wrote that song. Nelly, apparently. shhhh.

Chapter Notes

> My date went awesome and denise and i are seeing each other again at some point. enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

During the rest of the year, I only saw Falk a few times, and only in passing. From what I heard, Rayne's 'message' to Falk involved a deceased skunk, red spray paint, and some rope fashioned into a noose all inside of his locker. I believe the spray paint was used to deliver a warning and some choice words written in German, not that anyone other than Rayne and Falk know what they meant. He got the hint to stay the hell away from me; between the threats, the girls playing secret service, and the fact that I had filed assault charges against him. Rowan took quite a bit of time out of her life to convince me to go to the police, and I eventually caved.

I honestly didn't think it would work; I didn't want to admit to attempted rape because, despite the extensive and rigorously upheld minor and consent laws in this world, it was *embarrassing*. In my world, men stood up for themselves, and damn sure never got raped. It especially didn't happen before the early 2000's. That's not even taking into account the facts that I'm technically over 40, and have combat training. I have taken on psycho's twice his size who were way fiercer, and that makes what happened even worse in my mind. I froze when confronted by him and only barely managed to fight him off, which makes me feel weak and pathetic. So, even though I'm a minor in two different ways, being unpresented and under 17 in the state of Louisiana, I settled on charging for Simple Assault. I went through the process of statements, pictures, and a hospital visit, albeit hesitantly.

I managed to get away from Falk with a simple head injury, and some minor defensive wounds. I gave him a black eye and a throat punch, thus giving me the chance to run. I may be physically smaller and weaker right now, but I still have my self-defense training. Turns out that was all I needed against some soft rich kid from Germany, who likely never fought anyone before in his life. I told the cops that I went over to a friends' house and got into an argument. When I tried to leave, he got physical and knocked me down, causing me to hit my head on the table. He made to attack me, and I retaliated enough to get away.

I fully expected Falk to deny everything, but he admitted guilt for some reason. He was eventually sentenced to a few weeks of jail time, after which he would be put on probation for three years. I suspect Rowan or Rayne had something to do with his confession, since they didn't seem very surprised by the news. They reacted like it was the natural thing to happen, and I wasn't about to argue. The charge seemed rather hefty to me, considering my past experience as a cop in New Orleans, but the laws here are far different because of the issue with genders. The fact is, because I haven't officially presented yet, I am considered a possible Omega; and Omegas are heavily protected by the law. Even if I were 17, they would not have let him off easy for assault of any kind because I would still be considered a minor and possible Omega. Things would be different if I had a secondary gender; as an Alpha or Beta the charge would be made, but Falk likely would've gotten a much lesser sentence or none at all if he had contested the charge. He probably can, after all, afford some pretty good lawyers.

So he served his time, and we all went back to our lives. The rest of the year passed with a blur, marked only by tests and the seniors graduating; taking Falk with them so I never have to see him again. Summer comes again, and I go back to the docks. I hang out a few times with the girls in the various graveyards and the mall, setting fires and talking smack about passers by. Dad never mentioned the attack, at least nothing past looking at me and asking if I won. He never asked if I was ok, and I never discussed it with him.

His drinking has been getting worse these past few months, to the point that people at the docks have sometimes asked me to take him home because he is in no state to work. I managed to get a learner's permit before graduation, and I will be taking the driver's test soon. I figure I can get Rowan's parents to vouch for me if I can't get dad out of the house sober enough. It's only a matter of time before he loses this job, and stops being sober completely until his death. I never had any money when I was previously a teenager, and I moved out immediately when I was 18. That's obviously not the case here, and I need to be careful. Dad could easily decide that I had to pay for his habit with what I've been squirreling away for who knows why, and I don't need that on top of everything else in my life. I have just a couple years to decide what the hell I'm going to do, and I can't have him fucking it up for me.

At the first opportunity, I go to the bank and manage to get dad's name off the account so he can't access it. After that I continued to work, and at the beginning of my junior year dad finally lost his job. He never left the bottle since then. He withdrew from me completely, watching TV and going to bed. He only left the house to go to bars, and staggered home when he could barely remain upright. We thankfully got onto welfare; I had filed for it when it was clear he wasn't going to get a job any time soon, which paid for rent. I had to pay for all of our groceries now, just so we didn't starve; dad spent any leftover money on his drink. When I finally turned 17, my stress was at it's highest since the day I woke in this god damned world. I was so stressed out from home and school life, I almost didn't notice the fever when it hit just before P.E.

I first notice I'm feeling a bit off during my history class. It's nothing too bad, I'm just a bit winded and the air felt slightly stuffy. I was hoping it would go away, but it got steadily worse over the next twenty minutes. I started sweating pretty bad and had to make a conscious effort to breathe evenly, instead of pant for air like I wanted to. I am seated in the back, so no one really notices that something is wrong with me; except for Rowan who is sitting to my right. She keeps glancing at me, maybe every few seconds, and looks concerned. Eventually the bell rings and, just as I'm struggling to get my stuff put away, she grabs my bag hurriedly and yanks me up out of my seat. She drags me out into the hall and I sputter out a protest, but she ignores me in favor of pulling me in the direction of what I think is the office. It's a lot harder to focus even though I'm in motion, and I just want to lie down. I don't know what I want to do after that, but that's all I can think of right now; getting in a bed and curling up to get nice and warm. Maybe I have the flu or something, that's the only thing that makes sense about this situation right now.

Rowan gently places me into a chair just outside the office, and tells me to wait. Which sounds amazing at this point. I watch her blurry form disappear through the door and close my eyes, trying to focus on breathing and staying upright. Both are growing more difficult by the minute, and I could have sworn I saw Abigail just now. Great, my hallucinations are coming back. The one good thing about coming back from the dead was that I hadn't had any of my usual visions or nightmares, probably because I wasn't working cases and my brain wasn't as fatigued anymore. I open my heavy lids when I hear the door creak, and see either Rowan or Abigail with the secretary. I'm pretty sure that it's Rowan. The mousey woman takes one look at me and turns to Rowan immediately.

"I see what you mean, are you sure no one is available to pick him up? I can call his father."

She shakes her head and walks over to me, running her blessedly cool fingers over my forehead before settling her hand on my shoulder.

"No, his father is out of town for the weekend because of work. I am more than capable of taking him to my place, or the hospital if his flu gets worse."

She turns back to the woman, looking uncertain.

"If that's ok of course. I don't want us to be breaking any rules and get into trouble."

The woman smiles kindly at her and softens her tone.

"Not a problem dear, I will make sure both of you are excused for the day. Make sure to check if it is the flu, he might be going into heat the poor dear. Just call if he will be disposed next week as well. I don't want such good kids like you to lose your scholarships over something like this."

Rowan nods, and I have to close my eyes as the world starts spinning again. I can barely follow the conversation, and have to lean heavily on Rowan as she somehow drags me to my feet. We get a few feet down the hall when I feel someone take hold of my other side, helping to drag me out of the building and to Rowan's house. The trip is one massive blur; the only

thing I manage to notice is purple braids and the swaying pavement as I'm dragged away. At least Abigail didn't pop up again.

"Thanks for the help Rayne, I'll call if I need anymore. And please, don't tell anyone until we know for sure what's going on."

I hear a door click shut in the distance, or at least I think I do. Everything sounds both muted and echoic, kind of like I'm underwater and in a cave at the same time. My head still feels fuzzy, and I'm sweating buckets. I'm fully conscious at least. Actually, it feels like sleep is so far away at this point that I'll never sleep again. I feel energized, like I need to do something and until it happens I won't be able to settle. My skin is on fire and so itchy, maybe it's the clothes. Fuck, I'm wearing too many clothes! I start struggling on the mattress that I'm on, and try to rip the clothes from my body, desperate to escape from the suffocating heat. I don't manage to get any off before I feel hands on me, and an irritating scent invades my senses. I slap the invaders away, and snarl at the Omega who's way too close to me right now. I'm still snarling when I suddenly register words coming from her mouth, making me pause and simply blink in her direction.

"Will, it's ok, it's me. You know, Rowan? I'm just trying to help you, I'll leave you be, but not before I tell you what's going on. You need to tell me what you want to do afterwards. Do you know where you are or what happened?"

She looks at me with concerned eyes, and I struggle to gain control of myself again. I can't get any words out and just whimper, trying to burrow into the covers that I'm lying on. She nods and rubs my arm, trying to soothe me. It doesn't really work since her scent is just so *irritating* right now.

"You went into pre-heat at school. It usually behaves like the flu, and can fool those who are unfamiliar with the process. I'm familiar enough with your smell, and I started noticing the subtle Omega scent coming off you. I brought you to my house because my parents are gone for the weekend, and I figured you would prefer to go through this in a familiar environment. I can take you to the hospital if you want instead."

I furrow my brow, barely making sense of what she's saying. Heat? Hospital? I suddenly grab her sleeve in panic, and try to plead with her.

"No, no hospitals! Don't, don't want to go there!"

She nods and rubs the back of my hand, trying to ease my grip. She then starts picking at the buttons on my shirt, trying to remove it.

“Ok, whatever you need Will. Now, let’s get you out of these clothes and more comfortable. I’ll then bring you a comfort blanket made for Omega’s in heat. It will help calm you down a bit so I can tell you what will happen, and what you are going to need to do to pass through this with as little suffering as possible. I’m not going to lie, this is going to be rough, especially without an Alpha.”

Between our combined efforts, I’m stripped bare and she leaves to get whatever it is she said she was going to get. I will probably feel embarrassed about this later, but I’m too busy reveling in the cool air to care right now. She soon returns with what looks to be a large, dark grey fleece blanket that’s about an inch thick. Before I can protest about how stuffy that’s going to be, she swaddles me in the most amazingly soft blanket on the fucking planet. I hear myself croon and I snuggle deeper into the heavy fabric.

Chapter End Notes

I have informed Damia not to allow me to send her anymore chapters, or not to edit them if i do, until i write at least three more. I want to have a good buffer and i only have two more rough drafts currently and i don't feel comfortable with that.

Witness

Chapter Summary

Kinkiness and hallucinations

Chapter Notes

naughty touching, so enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Just as my breathing calms down and I feel my head clear a bit, Rowan begins to explain some things about Omegas and their heats. Her voice remains softly pitched as she rubs my back as I purr. Oh, apparently I can purr. I'd be more freaked but this blanket is too amazing for me to care right now.

"Omega heats are rough on the body when we go through them alone. We can't move anywhere for most of the duration, and are extremely vulnerable while the hormones ravage our bodies as a result. You will feel hot and sweaty, and your body will itch all over if your instincts to mate go unfulfilled. A common misconception is that we become sex crazed, and that we will accept any Alpha that struts by. That isn't remotely true from my experience; I have never once wanted an Alpha during my heats. I just feel horny as hell, and masturbation works just fine in satisfying my lust."

She looks down at me, pausing to make sure I'm still listening and then continues.

"As you demonstrated before, we become territorial during our heats, and don't usually accept another Omega's presence. You've calmed down for now, but I will leave once I've finished my explanation. That way you'll feel as safe and comfortable as possible while your body sorts itself out. I have toys you can use to make things better for you, but I recommend using fingers until you know what you're doing. It's very easy to injure yourself while in this state. Don't worry about lube; both females and males produce copious amounts of slick to ease the passage of any intruding object while in heat, to make mating quicker."

She gets up and goes over to her closet, sliding the door open. She reaches up to retrieve a box from the top shelf, and quickly brings it over. She empties the contents next to me on the bed; feeling for and picking up each individual piece, explaining what they're for. The dildo is obvious, she only briefly demonstrated it's vibrating function and then set it down next to others of varying shape and size. She also shows a simple egg shaped vibrator that is only

used for stimulation, pointing out that I may like it more because of my prostate, and sets it down as well.

The last thing looked like an elastic ring. It's about an inch wide and connected to a cable and switch, much like the vibrator. This was apparently an add-on to my dildo of choice that simulates a knot, so my body is more easily satisfied during heat. Since that's what Omega's instinctively crave, any other stimulation will likely fall short during this time period. If I wasn't so comfortable right now, I would be terrified about something that expands to lock something inside my anus. It's just not natural. She sets that down as well, and looks back up at me, feeling my forehead again before starting to leave the room. She pauses at the door and looks at me with a kind, understanding smile.

"Don't worry, everything is completely clean, so enjoy yourself as best you can. I'll be out here with Tula, if you need anything like water or food. Even if you just need some company, don't hesitate to ask."

She makes to leave and then freezes, seeming to have remembered something.

"Oh yeah, almost forgot. For best results, try to penetrate your vaginal canal. You're a male and, from what I understand, the anatomy is a bit trickier. Male vagina's don't develop fully until a week or so before presentation, and you're uterus won't be fully developed until a year or so after your first heat. So no worries about getting pregnant yet. The entrance should be open and pliant, since you're in heat, and it will be located closer to your anus than your prostate. If you penetrate it, you will probably get better results than if you just stuck with your prostate. At least I think so anyway, I'm a female and don't have the same parts as you. So you'll mostly have to figure it out yourself."

I look at her and just huff as I finger at one of the toys. My body is starting to heat up again, and is getting more and more eager to try out what she's suggesting.

"How the hell do you know all this stuff? Are you a secret pervert or something?"

She points a sardonic look my way before retreating into the hall.

"Someone had to pay attention in health class hun. See you later."

The door clicks shut and I look back down at the toys on the mattress. So, where to start?

Rowan's words bounce around in my mind as I continue lazing under the blanket, taking comfort from the weight and feel of the cloth despite the impatience buzzing through my system. I know what I'll need to do, but I can't help trying to stall for time. I mean Rowan's close by, and I'm pretty sure she'll be able to hear everything. Talk about a mood killer, at

least for my mind anyway. My body seems to be on a completely different page, hell, a different book even. Considering the raging boner that has been developing over the past minute or so, I probably won't care about anything in a moment.

I groan and curl up as something starts trickling out of my ass, clutching the blanket even closer. So much for stalling for time. It feels like my guts are clenching together, and I whimper loudly from the pain. I start panting heavily as I roll back over, and squint at the ceiling. Well, guess there's nothing to do except take her advice I guess. I inhale deeply through my nose and place my palms on my ribs, just underneath my pecks, running them slowly down my abdomen. I feel every twitching muscle and faint hair beneath my clammy fingertips, as they slowly pass my navel and tease their way closer towards my groin.

Just before they reach the coarse pubic hair that grows just above my aching member, I divert them down my slim legs and scratch back up my inner thighs. I do this with both hands once, and then grip my penis with my right hand while the left continues to feel up and down my legs. I pant and gasp at the sensations as I jerk at my shaft and abuse my flesh, but ultimately I feel like something's missing. I whine and then growl as I become more frustrated, because I'm not getting the release I desperately need. I hiss in another breath, and then guide my left hand further down between my legs. I completely ignore the swamp of slimy liquid making a mess of things, in favor of getting them to my twitching entrance.

Once they get there, I waste no time and plunge two of the digits inside me. The fingers and my entrance are wet enough, and the only issue is how fucking *tight* I am right now. I crane my head back and choke back a cry, having brushed something that definitely isn't my prostate. I feel it again, and grunt as I touch what feels like a hole. It seems to lead to a passage that runs parallel to my rectum. That must be my vagina, how handily accessible. Now that I know what I'm looking for, and what feels good right now, I start my ministrations again. I pump my cock and poke at this new discovery in tandem; and soon I am arching up off the bed, and coming against the blanket that is still draped over me. I also feel the hole and my anus clench tight around my fingers, desperately trying to keep them in place as I limply remove them.

I pant and just lie there, sweat drenching my hair and skin, and slick damp around my ass. I find that I don't care, as I blankly stare at the ceiling and think about everything that's happened so far. My dad can never know, no one can. Dad hated Rowan just for being an Omega, and I can guess that that's how he'll react to me, maybe even worse. There's also the whole issue of sexism. I may be a white male from a different world, and technically from the future, but I know that women still were never truly equal in my world and it's the 90's here. Omega's are the fewest in number, and are still considered weak and inferior despite efforts to bridge the gap. Once I'm found out, I will never have all the opportunities I could have as a Beta. Granted, I still don't know what I want to do with my new life, but damn it all if I'm going to be told I can't do something just because of my biology. I had enough of that shit in my past life when everyone thought I was batshit crazy. I growl as that makes me think of Alana and her pitying eyes. And then Hannibal and his calm and almost gentle ones, his face covered in blood on top of the cliff. Oh god, Hannibal! I choke out a sob as my eyes start to tear up, bringing my now sticky hand up to cover my mouth.

I may never see him again, and I only spent one night with him before I died. One glorious night that I will never have again because I'm stuck here, in this *body,* and no way to get back home. I scream through clenched teeth and slam my fists down into the mattress, cursing whichever entity out there that was responsible for this entire hellish mess.

"Screaming and crying isn't going to fix anything you know."

I huff angrily and glare over at the blue eyed girl.

"And neither will hallucinating, *Abigail.* So piss off!"

She shrugs and wafts over to the far corner of the room, near the door. She leans back and just stares at me.

I didn't get to seethe for much longer before my body hijacks me again; effectively diverting me from my brooding, and forcing my hands back to my body. I bring myself to climax with just my hands again, and then pass out. Only waking up to go at it again, a few hours later. The third time, I can't stop thinking about Hannibal and that one night we shared all those years ago. How surprisingly gentle with me he was, and the way his hands seemed to worship my body, while at the same time calmly dominating it as he finally took everything from me. My body, my mind, my life, god, maybe even my heart if my constant pining is anything to go by.

He liked to nip at my skin, anywhere his mouth could reach. It was obvious he was trying not to full on bite me while he familiarized my body with his, except for the time he growled. I thought he was going to get rough at that point, but he didn't. He kept on being gentle with me through the entire experience. I never even considered sleeping with another man before him, not even sure I considered it before that night to be honest. I don't really know what triggered it, but I know that our mouths just started attacking each other after dinner, and neither of us wanted to stop. Not that it mattered, it felt amazing and I definitely wanted to go again after killing Dolarhyde.

As my thoughts continue to focus on Hannibal, I realize that my fingers aren't doing it for me anymore. I need something more, something more solid and *bigger*. I look to my right where the toys still are, and quickly grab the smallest one. I don't remember how big Hannibal was, but I don't feel up to anything too crazy right now. Maybe later. I continue to ignore Abigail, and position it between my cheeks and shove it into my rectum. It seats fully the first try, and the rubber tip brushes my prostate, making me cum suddenly with a cry.

Over the next couple of days, I continue to masturbate to thoughts of the tall, angular man that took over my life. Only pausing to sleep, or eat and drink whatever Rowan brought me. The first day she brought me a pill that I swallowed without question. She just laughed at me,

and explained that it was a suppressant. She said that, while it couldn't stop a heat in full swing, it would shorten it so that I wouldn't miss too much school, if at all. We may have gotten Friday off without consequence, but any longer and I would have to see a doctor. I firmly and verbally objected to that and, luckily, by evening on Sunday my heat was finally subsiding. Abigail disappeared with the fever, and good riddance. I would hate to see what she thought of that performance.

Chapter End Notes

we appreciate comments, whether they are thoughts, critique, or things we missed. it helps us write better.

Wrapped Around a Finger

Chapter Summary

Hanni's whipped

Chapter Notes

whelp, we're gunna be seeing hanni for a while. strap in folks :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A week or so after the blizzard had passed, a letter had arrived in the post from Uncle Robertus. It stated that he was on his way to collect us, and would be there as soon as he could. Not even a week later, we are on our way to his home in Paris, the trip taking about a few days by train(1). We only stopped and checked into a hotel once, because a night train was not available on the second day. Mischa comported herself quite well in public and in front of our uncle, but had cried herself to sleep when we stayed at the hotel. I didn't question her about it, but I suspect it was due to equal parts relief and the fact that she could no longer deny that things would never be the same again.

I never saw her cry again after that night, but she would always demand to know where I was or where I was going. I had no issues with this, but uncle was quite abashed and attempted to put a stop to it. Our aunt Lady Murasaki intervened, stating that he had no understanding of a child's delicacies, and that she would require time to heal after such an ordeal. She did lose everyone except her brother after all, and is now in an unfamiliar place. Lady Murasaki had a point, and I focused my efforts on teaching Mischa English and French when I wasn't finding a way to acquire the sustenance that I would need.

I had managed to preserve and bring along that was left over from those two pigs, but that would only tide me over for so long before it either spoiled or ran out. Not to mention the fact that, since I had limited supplies in the village, the meat had to smoked and salted heavily and is barely palatable. Before the food goes off, I must start identifying targets that will not be missed, and find time to go out hunting. A feat that is made all the harder because of the many eyes that occupy Robertus' manor. I made it a point to take many excursions into town, both with and without Mischa. That way I could scout out potential prey, and no one would question later if I disappeared for a time. Mischa seemed to enjoy the walks, and even made some suggestions on which pigs would be suitable enough for consumption. It would be very agreeable to get back into some of my previous habits, despite the lack of freedom for the time being.

I find myself fascinated with this world, making it a game of sorts to find the many differences from my old one. Mischa took it upon herself to fill me in on things, and proved to be a splendid teacher despite her age. I find the fact that everyone has a second gender intriguing, and must plan my pursuit of Will accordingly. It seems that our family, since we are nobles, are saturated with Alphas and Omegas, having almost no Betas in our lineage. I had presented as an Alpha months ago, about a week after my 13th birthday, and I have found myself exploring all that this body has to offer. Not only do I have pheromones that can influence others, I found that I have a strange bulbous growth at the base of my member. It seems to expand when stimulated enough, and I suppose Alpha's evolved this way to better ensure conception at the end of coitus much like males of the Canid species. I also made sure that I learned about Omegas, and was delighted to learn that the males could produce offspring as well. Will can have that family he's always wanted after all, and the bond can help tie him to me more easily.

It turned out that I wouldn't need to go off the grounds for my first kill, since an odious pig has been working in our gardens recently. The swine was a new hand that was in charge of weeding the garden located behind Mischa's rooms. He was a rather svelte Beta male who I caught, on more than one occasion, eying my sister whenever she passed by. He even went as far as to *accidentally* peer through her window while she attempted to change clothes one day, which she immediately informed me of. Needless to say, the pig was quickly dispatched later that night. It was rather simple, I followed him behind the shed after the sun had set, and quickly ripped his throat out so he couldn't scream as he bled out onto the crisp grass. After that, I took what I needed from him and drug the remains into the nearby wood. The animals could dispose of the rest, and no one would be likely to find him for a long while. It's very likely, since he was paid today, that everyone would assume that he took his money and left for other things. I resolved to remove the majority of his organs, since he was far too skinny to provide any decent meat, and left his eyes inside his rectum for his audacity. Despite his distasteful habits, he seemed to be remarkably healthy and his inner workings are in pristine condition.

I returned to the manor around one in the morning, organs wrapped carefully in butcher paper and concealed by my jacket. I quickly snuck in through the kitchen door and made my way over to the icebox, meaning to quickly stash the parts and go back up to my rooms after cleaning the knife I had used. I am interrupted, however, when Lady Murasaki catches me exiting the kitchen.

"Shall I inform the cooks of your dietary needs?"

I look up at her as the door clicks shut. This may become a problem. In my past life, my Aunt taught me how to bottle and store my rage away for later use, but had never known of my activities later in life. At least, not that I am aware of anyway. I calmly inspect her, while

going over several possible scenarios. She is a woman who would be missed, not to mention the fact that I am quite fond of her. That was my version of her, though, and I don't really know this one. She looks down at me with a small, placid smile.

"I'm not ignorant to the 'supplies' that you brought with you from Lithuania, or to what transpired behind the shed mere hours ago."

I immediately tense up, but she smiles wider and makes no move to do anything.

"I'm not disapproving Hannibal, Mischa explained your situation to me soon after you arrived. She was quite concerned about your welfare, and sought my wisdom. We may not know the exact reasons for your new state of being, but you are family. I was raised to place family above all else, and I see that same belief in you. Where Mischa is concerned anyway."

I cock my head to the side and she motions for me to follow. I fall into step with her as we make our way up to my rooms. They are located just down the hall from Mischa's, and it takes only a few minutes to get there from the kitchens. Our footfalls are muted by the plush rugs that cover much of the wood flooring, and are the only sounds as we traverse the halls. Once we reach my bedroom door, she turns to me again, still smiling at me gently. She seems to be waiting on me for a reply, and I decide to give her one. It would be foolish of me to ignore her offer.

"I would not mind if you informed the cooks of my special dietary needs. Would I be correct in assuming that you will not be informing them exactly what it is or where it came from?"

Her smile morphs into a puckish one.

"What, that you can only eat pork and it must come from a specific source? Or that it came from a particularly licentious shoat?"

I smile and bow my head slightly to her, before excusing myself for the night. I never did Lady Murasaki due credit in my past life. That was quite remiss of me. I will have to find a way to repay her for her help.

I wander down the halls towards the study, one of the maids said that they saw Hanni go in there earlier and hadn't seen him leave. I hum as I brush my hands along the wall, enjoying the texture as my good mood brightens even more. The weeks I have spent here at Auntie and Uncles' has been wonderful, despite the circumstances that have brought me here. I had never been anywhere other than the manor in Lithuania, and now I can see Paris whenever I wish. We will also be visiting Florence for my birthday once summer arrives, and I cannot wait.

I will always miss mother and father, but as long as Hanni is still here I will be ok. I know he's different from before the attack, but I don't care. Hanni doesn't know anything about the world and isn't human anymore, but I can still see that it is him when I look into his eyes. As long as he stays with me and never leaves, I will do anything for him. I skip up to the doors of Hannibal's study, and yank them open with glee. I look around and see my dear brother seated before his large desk, sketching something with intense focus. I beam and tiptoe over, sneaking up to his back. I then grab his shoulders and jerk back as hard as I can.

"Boo!"

He barely leans back from the force of the tug, not even having the decency to act scared. He turns to me with a gentle and loving smile on his face, reaching out to rub my head.

"Good afternoon Mischa. You gave me quite the scare, did you need something?"

I pout at him and huff, not liking his indulgence. I catch sight of what he was drawing and skirt around the chair to see it better, peering over the wood while on my tippy toes. He turns back to the parchment and begins to scratch designs out with his pencil again. It seems to be a portrayal of a man sitting in what looks to be an enormous library, populated only by the man and a chair perched opposite him. The man looks agitated, as if he's haunted by something, and darkness looms in his all seeing eyes. He has a scar across his forehead and soft curling locks of hair frame his face. The man is bewitching in Hanni's rendition, and exceedingly familiar. I look up at Hanni's angular face, catching his attention with my gaze. He looks back at me, curiously waiting for me to speak up.

"Hanni, why are you drawing Lucie? And you forgot the other wound on his face."

He furrows his brow, briefly looking back down at the graphite rendition. Recognition soon clicks and he turns back to me, amusement glinting in his eyes.

"Lucie? Do you mean my benefactor?"

I eagerly nod, smiling again.

"Yeah, it's short for Lucifer. Do you like it?"

He chuckles and rubs my head again.

"It's a very… interesting name Mischa, and very unique."

He then removes his hand and picks up the drawing, bringing it closer to me so I can see it better.

"This is not him, however. Ahem, Lucie took this man's likeness to appear in this world. The model for his likeness is a man named William Graham, and Will is your brother-in-law. He will be my mate in the not too distant future, and will provide us a whole new family to love and cherish."

Hearing his words, I gingerly take the portrait and study it with a new level of awe. My brother-in-law? Is this one of those things that has to do with Hanni's change? Is it a

condition of sorts? I look up at him again, trying to reign in my excitement.

“How do you know he’s your mate? Did Lucie tell you?”

He picks me up and places me in his lap, coiling his arms around me as we gaze at the picture. I with curiosity, and Hanni with a sad, nostalgic look.

“Will was my lover from before, when I was in my old world. His mind was a dark and beautiful thing; it was full of humanities’ demons, and an enchanting desire for violence upon those who deserved it most. He was caged and afraid of these thoughts and desires. I helped to free him and become who he was meant to be. I know he is in this world as well, though he won’t know me. I will simply have to awaken him again, and then we can be a true family. I admit that I am looking forward to siring his offspring.”

I hum and continue admiring my future brother. We sit in peace for a time, Hanni rubbing my back and humming a strange tune and me simply enjoying the peace. After a while, I look back up at him, gazing into his maroon eyes and snuggling into his chest.

“Hanni?”

He nuzzles his nose into my hair, inhaling deeply.

“Hmm?”

“How can you be sure he’s going to be an Omega?”

Chapter End Notes

SHE SPEAKS NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!!!! the adorable little shit

(1) I tried finding train schedules but the internet failed me, so i made something up.

It's gunna take even longer to get Will past high school now, but it's necessary ugh />.<\' stupid brain.

Evil Loves Cookies

Chapter Summary

This is really short and you can treat it as an intermission, but it is cannon, so it's not a waste of time.

Chapter Notes

Lots happened lately and I'm getting a new laptop. I love the one I've got but it's over 7 years old and I'm typing with an old usb plugin keyboard.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Good Day Lady Mischa, I will see you again tomorrow where we will start with formal versus informal French. Please review sometime tonight, I may test you tomorrow."

Madame Geneve bundled her books and teaching materials together and quickly left the study, leaving me to put my own study materials away. I hum to myself while completing the task, and then leave the room to go get some lunch. I don't have any more lessons today and I need to find something to do until dinner and then bed. Hanni left for boarding school late in August, and I have missed his company terribly. If it wasn't for Chiyoh, I would probably be bored out of my mind. Cousin Chiyoh was introduced to us in June, when we went to Florence for my birthday. She's Auntie's orphaned niece and is a couple years older than me, eleven I think. Auntie said that she would be my playmate and handmaiden while Hanni was off at school. He took one look at her and seemed to mentally brush her aside and go about his business. I was worried at first, because if Hanni didn't like her then she would probably be mean, but Auntie said I could trust her and Hanni seemed to not care if I told her as well.

I get to the kitchen and asked for some sweets. Hanni was always on me to eat properly, and the only good thing about him leaving was that I could get the cooks to give me chocolate and other things without Hanni swooping in and berating them for ruining my appetite. I walk up to one of the elderly men and widen my eyes just enough for them to water and add a tremor to my voice while I meekly ask for some of the freshly baked cookies that are still sizzling on one of the counters. Jacques, a man with grey hair and crinkly skin, looks about the kitchen before looking down at me with a conspiratorial look and wraps up five of the gooey treats.

"Les vôtres gateaux, j'espoir vous déclarer eux agréable."(1)

I beam at the man and clutch my prey to my chest, quickly departing the kitchen and go to my rooms. I will stash my prize there and head for the dining room to properly have my mid-day meal.

“Hey short stuff, what’s happenin’?”

I prance into my room and stop when I see Lucie sitting on my bed, munching on my sweets. I puff up from anger and rush over and slap at his leg, glaring at his scarred face.

“Those are mine! Give them back Lucie!”

A grin twists onto his face, but he refuses to give them back and continues to eat them in front of me.

“Make me pint-size.”

I squeal and stamp my foot, but he remains unmoved by my display and just cocks a brow at me. Fine, I’ll just do that then. I grin at him and lean forward, grab his pant leg, and bite his kneecap as hard as I can.

“Ooh, upgrading from ankle biter eh?”

I growl playfully and then let go, leaning back to look up at him and smile. He smirks back and I crawl my way into his lap, if he won’t give me back my cookies then he can at least entertain me. I wiggle around in his lap, trying to get comfortable. Lucie huffs and moves his hands up out of the way, taking my cookies with him. I lean back into his chest and look up at his scarred face. He seems to just be amused while he starts munching again. I look at him for a bit, but he doesn’t seem to know that he’s supposed to talk to me. So I decide to help him out and start the conversation for him.

“Hanni says you took his lover’s form, why?”

He snorts and rolls his eyes. His now free hands wrap around my waist and adjusts me before stilling at his sides, supporting his weight.

“One toss around in the hay does not lovers make. You’ll figure out that your brother likes to make up rules and expect others to just obey them. It’s really amusing actually.”

I cock my head to the side and watch as a smirk oozes onto his face.

“You didn’t answer my question.”

He rolls his eyes again and frowns down at me.

“I didn’t realize I was obligated to pander to your every whim. What do I get out of this interrogation then?”

I beam up at him sweetly.

“My cookies.”

His face goes blank as he blinks down at me for a few seconds, then slowly smiles.

“Well, aren’t you a special little snowflake. Fine, I’ll give you this one but you need to learn a bit more about negotiation and fair trade.”

“But it was fair, you ate my cookies and now you entertain me.”

He laughs and moves me off his lap and onto the bed, getting up and walking over to the door. He closes and locks it before turning back to me.

“You’re almost as precious as Hanni squirt. You’d do real well later in life with some lessons. Back on point though, I take Will’s form because it irritated Hanni. I could change it, but I don’t feel like reintroducing myself every time. It’s just more convenient at this point.”

I hum and tilt my head again. Lucie wanders around the room now, looking at everything and nothing at once.

“Why all the scars?”

His head whips around and his eyes change to a fiery red, a feral grin splitting his marred face.

“This is the body Will died in. he got into all sorts of nasty trouble in life.”

My brow scrunches in concern.

“Will he turn out like that again?”

His eyes turn blue again and he plants himself in front of me, hands behind his back.

“Only if he and Hanni act stupid again. Which would be boring the second time around, I’ve seen it once already. Now-”

He pulls a deck of cards out from behind his back and waggles his eyebrows at me.

“How’d you like to learn some poker?”

Chapter End Notes

(1) I failed French 2 three times and had to learn Latin for my language credit. As a Canadian, I'm kind of ashamed. I had to dust off my 18 year old Canadian French-English dictionary and apologize for any errors. I meant to say "Here are you're cookies, I hope you find them enjoyable." in formal french. Let me know if it's gibberish.

Hopefully I'll have more soon.

Bitchy Prefects

Chapter Summary

Is it considered extra bad luck to have your birthday on Friday the 13th?

Chapter Notes

I know this update took forever, but you guys were warned. I had to do so much research for hanni's arc and had to iron out some world building details that I sequestered myself in SpanderFiles and refused to leave their safe depths. Damia had to bribe me with the promise of a future spander fic just so I would focus again.

I also went insane and got a Tumblr blog here- https://www.tumblr.com/blog/ishomoogoo

I regret nothing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I walk down one of the many halls, carrying a large box with ease as I make my way to the club room. I arrive at my destination quickly and with little difficulty, but must tap on the door to wait for assistance. Asil quickly assists me, and allows me into the club room with a smile. The older boy took in the sight of my burden and looked at me, brows raised in surprise.

“ Hannibal! Ne var ne yok?(1) There seems to be far more from home this time. What’s the occasion?”

I smile at him politely and go over to the counter by the icebox. I retrieve a box cutter and begin to open the large parcel. Just inside the cardboard is another box made of styrofoam, which in turn is heavily taped in clear packing tape.

“Thank you for your assistance with the door. The occasion would be my birthday, Mischa seems to have gone overboard with the presents. She wishes to make up for not being with me to properly celebrate.”

I cut the tape around the lid of the foam container and remove the lid, placing it nearby on the granite countertop. I pull out the frigid gel packs and place them in the lid to be dealt with later, revealing many vacuum packed cuts of meat. Asil hums in appreciation and takes a few

to place them in the freezer. I peruse the selection and separate one to be consumed today, and help put the rest away. Some go in the fridge while others get frozen for later on.

“Still, she and your aunt always send you meat, no matter the occasion. Do they believe that the school starves you?”

I smile at him politely, discreetly tucking a handwritten letter into my front pocket, taking care not to crease or fold it.

“Dulwich’s(2) facilities are quite exemplary and I could not possibly complain about the services and meals that they provide. The fault merely lies with me. I was born with a rather touchy metabolism and palette. I must take great care what I place in my body when it comes to animal products, otherwise I could become quite ill. Fortunately, my family has a specific butcher that can cater to my needs.”

With all the meat tucked away safely, we relocate to one of the many cooking stations with the cut I selected for this evening. Ashil looks at me with concern as he breaks down the cardboard. He moves it and the styrofoam box next to the door for proper disposal later, while I shed my blazer and roll up my sleeves.

“That is rather concerning friend, does this condition only apply to meat?”

I place the thick slab on a well used wooden cutting board and lay a chef’s knife down beside it, going over to the oven and entering the desired temperature. I look up at my upperclassman and flawlessly put on a reassuring smile.

“There is nothing to fear, organic produce and animal products have no ill effects, though I do prefer organic when given the option. All the chemicals and hormones tend to alter the taste, fortunately the school purchases locally so I don’t find myself having to suffer through breakfast and lunch too much.”

He smiles in understanding, and then broadens it when he gestures to the meat I am slicing into two and a half centimetre thick slices.

“That is good to hear. What are you making? Would you allow me to help?”

“I’m thinking of making pork chops with mushrooms(3), roast potato’s and some rice pilaf. Would you mind prepping the rice and potato’s while I make the sauce? I will need some flour and an onion while you’re in the pantry, if you could.”

He smiles and nods at me, going over to the ample pantry to the right of the fridge, while taking out the things we will need. I go back over to the fridge and pull out some cream, butter, mushrooms, and chicken broth. I set them to the side and pull out some spices and go in search of a sauce pan. The meat will have to be cooked last so for now I will prepare the sauce for when the potatoes and rice will be done. Some other club members trickle in and start working on their own projects, knowing better than to bother me or touch my ingredients without permission.

Asil Ihsan is a nice enough boy, polite if anything else. As friendly as he is with everyone, he likes to keep a certain distance with people that suits me just fine. His habit of keeping people just enough at bay may stem more from his home life than any real dislike of others. Asil is the only child of a Turkish ambassador and is likely expected to inherit both his father's position and wealth in the future. As a result, Asil must remain politically and socially aware during his life. As an Alpha, he will also likely have to marry whomever his father dictates in the future.

Asil brings over the other ingredients and we work on chopping and prepping the side dishes before placing them in the preheated oven. Asil then goes around to the other club members to assist them and give them pointers. As the president of the cooking club, it is his job to make sure everyone is doing alright. I shift my attention back to the sauce that is now simmering, and add the diced mushrooms and stir to make sure that it doesn't burn.

With the last of the leftovers put away for later and the kitchen cleaned up, I leave the club room. It will be curfew soon and I want to be able to read the letter Mischa sent me in the peace of my dorm room. Hopefully my dorm mate will be asleep or out so I don't have to deal with him. As a prefect, he occasionally must make rounds after hours to ensure that no trouble makers are roaming about. This isn't his usual day to make rounds, but he has filled in for other prefects before. Thankfully he is one year older than me and will move to the senior houses next year once he completes his GCSE(4).

I make it to my room in Bell House(5) just as a somewhat portly Alpha boy is leaving, shrugging into his blazer as he goes. He sees me and abruptly halts, his posture suddenly straightening as he makes a few more adjustments to his pristine clothes. His uniform is mostly like mine; charcoal grey elasticated dress pants, white long-sleeved dress shirt, black socks, black loafers, and a black cotton pullover vest with the school crest over his left breast. (6) We both are wearing the traditional blazer which is black with blue stripes, but instead of the Bell House tie (which is light blue with thin maroon diagonal stripes) he is wearing the junior prefect tie which is royal blue with thick black diagonal stripes. He nods at me politely, his face remaining impassive.

"Hello Hannibal, just returning from club activities?"

I smile politely back and nod.

"Yes I am. Are you filling in for someone? I don't believe that it's your day for rounds."

The boy sniffs and tilts his head up a little.

"Yes, Edmund is terribly superstitious and refuses to leave his room tonight for fear of bad luck. Honestly, he may have a remarkable track record but you simply can't rely on him when it comes to such baseless things as Friday the 13th."(7)

He then looks at me with narrowed eyes. I simply look back, hiding my amusement with the same polite impassiveness from earlier.

“You aren’t superstitious as well, are you?”

I let my amusement show a little as I scoff.

“If you are implying that I have irrational fears for dates and certain activities, then no I do not.”

The corner of his mouth twitches up and his posture relaxes somewhat. He then turns away and starts heading down the hall. He looks at me over his shoulder and stops again.

“Oh yes, I suppose I should wish you Happy Birthday. Do have a pleasant evening Hannibal.”

“You as well Mycroft.”

Chapter End Notes

(1)according to a Turkish phrase website, this translates to "What's new?" blame the site not me for any errors.
(2)Dulwich College is what we would consider a private school located in southeast London and is an all boy's school
(3)http://allrecipes.com/recipe/14746/mushroom-pork-chops/ and http://www.geniuskitchen.com/recipe/homemade-cream-of-mushroom-soup-264191
(4)this site explains the education system in the UK if you're curious https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Education_in_England
(5)Bell House was a junior boarding house from the second world war until 1993 when it was returned to private ownership
(6)I'm basing this off the current uniforms for today since I don't know what they were in the 80's
(7)fun fact, Nov 13th in 1981 was on a Friday in the UK

hope you liked and we do appreciate comments, kudos, subs, and bookmarks. feel free to also message us with questions/ concerns if you want.

Fraternal Woes

Chapter Summary

> As a younger sibling, I made it my life's mission to be irritating. I'm 25 and still going strong

Chapter Notes

> Hanni is so hard to write for bc my normal writing style doesn't fit his character. but i need to get his arc mostly done before i go back to will \ >o< / the woes of a writer. that's not why it took so long though, this last month i had training for work and my off time was dedicated to writing a story board for a different fic and doodling when bored in class.
> thanks to Pernicia_Hart and to everyone else for your lovely comments. damia and i won't appologize for sniping at each other in the comments, it's how we show our love.
>
> https://www.tumblr.com/blog/ishomoogoo if you want to see what i doodled

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The door closes with a soft click and I look around my spacious shared room, heading for my side after little hesitation. My bed is located on the left side of the room and has a bed, desk, and dresser for my own personal use. The room's colour scheme is very natural and earthy, with wood furniture and flooring. The walls are a pea- green colour and the trim is stained oak, which looks very nice with the waning light that filters through the lone window that sits between our desks. I walk over to my desk, after taking off and putting away my blazer and jacket. I situate myself in the moderately plush chair, taking care to click on the lamp before pulling out Mischa's letter.

Mischa has gotten much better at writing over the past few months, and has even been using me to practice her french. At this rate, she will be rather good by the time summer rolls around.

I smile fondly as I trace the heavy envelope with my fingers, taking in the cursive writing that has lost most of its signs of inexperience. Turning my attention away from the parchment for a moment, I reach over to my wood pencil holder and extract a sword shaped letter opener. The pencil holder was something I requisitioned from a rather skilled student whom I share a class with. This student is one of the few Beta's that attend Dulwich and enjoy's carving in his off time. I had the good fortune to witness him working one day and asked if he could make something for me. He was happy to do so and was quite intrigued with the design that I

drew for him. He was rather pleased to have a challenge and only asked that I tell others who made the piece if asked.

The piece is roughly 30 cm long and is made of black walnut. On the left side is a robust stag that has been stained ebony. The stag is 15 cm tall and it's pelt is decorated with finely detailed feathers. Its' back has been hollowed out and holds several wood pencils as well as two scalpels. The stag's head is held high and is facing a large wolf. The wolf is 20 cm(1) tall and his face is fierce, eyes all knowing. The grain of the wood, as well as the minute etchings make the beast's fur look almost real. It's also stained ebony on top but is pale on the legs and belly. Indeed, it is a fine depiction of an Amarok(2). The wolf's back has also been hollowed out and holds my pens and letter openers. The two creature's snouts are touching, no, nuzzling each other over the empty pelt of a mongoose, which has been stained amber. The base has been carved to look like grass covered earth and holds the three together in a rather pleasant and touching scene.

The piece took three months to complete and when asked by the artist, I told him that I had a fondness for nature and the predator's role within it. When Mycroft asked about it, I told him that I had a flight of fancy while drawing and wished to see it carved into wood. I figured that was a far easier endeavor than a replica of a building. The reason for this fabrication was that, over these past few months, I have come to know my dorm mate some. I have come to the conclusion that he is someone to be very cautious of. He is a very intelligent and perceptive individual, almost on my dear William's level, and could easily suss me out if I don't be careful. Of course, he is very prideful and is easily blinded by his arrogance.

The fibre of the envelope parts for the metal easily and I quickly remove the pages from within, placing the tool back inside the Amarok's back. In the last few letters, Mischa has been informing me of the goings on back home. She often talks to me about the different pigs that Lady Murasaki has gotten for me, despite me telling her to stop. She fails to heed my advice every time and, as a result, I'm forced to lock each letter in the bottom left hand drawer in my desk. That's the best hiding spot I have for them currently, I will have to find a better place for them soon so that no one will become suspicious of the contents. I'm thinking of altering the bottom of my trunk, but that's so cliché.

The pages are a creamy white where Mischa's scrawl hasn't stained the rich material. Her writing has become more solid, but now she needs to work on size and spacing of the letters. I settle back into the soft back of my seat and start reading. At least she hasn't been having trouble with spelling or grammar.

Dear Hanni,

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!! (These two words took a good fourth of the page) *Did you like your present? Auntie worked very hard to get you extra for your special day. Don't worry, I already told her thanks for you. I even made sure to be extra snooty and uptight to make it believable* (My eyebrow twitches at this). *My presents got sent separately so you'll probably get them later, so don't write back until you get them. I want to hear what you think, Lucie helped me get one of them for you.* (What?)

Speaking of, Lucie's been keeping me company lately when Chiyoh's at school. I can't wait until I can go too, but Aunt and Uncle want to make sure I'm fluent in french first so I can understand what's going on. Why did you have to go so far away? It's not fair! So what if you're the heir and have to go to a fancy school, I miss you! But anyway, Chiyoh plays with me a lot in the evenings and on the weekends. We went shopping for one of your presents on Saturday, and I saw the most adorable thing in one of the windows. I can't tell you what it is so you just have to wait. Jeez, you're so impatient Hanni! (What's this about Lucie?)

So anyway, Lucie. He just popped up one day a week ago ~~and ate my cookies~~ and decided to keep me company every once in awhile (Sigh) . *I'm really disappointed in you Hanni, you never told me Lucie was so fun! He's taught me so much since he popped up, did you know that there's more than eleven kinds of poker?* (!?) *He's been teaching me how to play and I've gotten rather good at five card draw. I haven't been able to beat him yet, but I can give Auntie and Chiyoh a run for their money. I'm not allowed to play for money, but Lucie says I need to keep track of all my winnings, that way if anybody tries to welch on me I can go remind them. He also said to invest in some leg breakers if I can't enforce things myself. After all, dead people can't pay you back.* (No Mischa, No)

D id I tell you how fun Lucie is? He not only taught me how to play poker and how to make an example of someone, but he also played house with me!! Chiyoh was the daughter, I was the Alpha and Lucie was my new Omegan bride. (I don't know how to feel about this) *Lucie said that this was only for the sake of appearances because lone Alpha's weren't allowed to raise a child without an Omega, and that he refused to consummate the relationship until I was rich.* (I think I'm getting a headache) *What does consummate mean? And what's a trophy mate ? Lucie wouldn't tell me even though he brought it up, not even when I pouted at him! It's not fair that he's immune to my pout, so I just bite his knees instead. He says funny things when I do that.*

Anyway, I have to go. Lucie popped in with a television and says he wants to watch a show called I Love Lucy . *He says it isn't named after him, nor does he star in it. He says it's his favorite though and that I owe him for playing the Omega. I'm looking forward to hearing from you, you'll absolutely love your presents.*

Your favorite,

Mischa

I take a deep breath in an attempt to ease the twinge of pain that is growing behind my brow. Mischa certainly knows how to raise one's blood pressure. I will have to give her a stern warning about Lucie and the ideas he's putting into her head. I put the papers back into the envelope and pull the desk key out of my trouser pocket, unlocking the letter drawer and carefully place it inside with the rest . I'm just shutting the drawer when I hear Mycroft coming into the room with a huff. I swiftly finish locking the drawer back up and straighten back out, looking over at the mildly annoyed prefect.

The sun seems to have fully gone down, and the clock says that it is just past eight o'clock. I stand up and go over to the window. I draw the curtains and turn back to the elder Alpha, calmly observing him as he bustles along his side of the room.

"You seem to be rather annoyed, did something happen on your patrol?"

He pauses briefly while putting his blazer and jacket away, much like I did when I returned, and then resumes his task. He sniffs indignantly as he turns back to me, a poorly hidden sour look on his face. I raise an eyebrow and cock my head, hoping to prompt more of a response.

" I'm merely lamenting the intelligence of our generation. It's like everyone's brain has gone down the drain."

My eyebrow's raise, the only indication of the amusement that is spreading through my chest. He sees this and seems to let go a little, his body language becoming just a little bit more animated.

"Honestly, the things people are getting up to these days. Their minds have become soft from television shows and cartoons. I swear, they see or read something and decide it's a good idea to act it out."

His cheeks are starting to flush from aggravation and I go over to his desk and pull out the chair, gesturing for him to sit down before he continues. He hesitates for a moment but then sits down, nodding at me before going on.

"Ah, thank you Hannibal. Now, where was I?"

I go over to my desk and grab my own chair, pulling it over so that I can sit across from him .

"I believe you were explaining the folly of youth."

He nods again, leaning towards me.

"Yes, you're right. As I was saying, people simply cannot tell between reality and fiction nowadays. In fact, just this evening, I and a senior prefect had to break up an altercation between several Alpha s t udents that were in the mess hall after hours. One of the students was attempting to harm the others and was screaming about being rid of the holders of the daggers of- oh, what was it? Oh yes, Megiddo(3). We let the other's go with a small reprimand for being out after hours, and pulled the attacker before the Dorm Head."

I let an expression of shock bleed onto my face, not allowing my amusement to show.

"I hope no one was hurt. Do you know why he tried to attempt such a thing?"

" No one was hurt, thankfully. He was mostly carrying on about serving his Lord and master, but eventually said that the Devil made him do it. Honestly, like anyone would believe such an excuse!"

I quirk my lips up, finally showing my amusement. It seems my headache has disappeared.

Lucie starts laughing out of nowhere while instructing me on Texas hold ‘em. I’ve pretty much mastered five card draw and stud and Lucie decided to start teaching me casino games to round out my practical knowledge. I look at him in confusion, while Chiyoh remains impassive. She has an amazing poker face now and is giving me a difficult time.

“What’s so funny Lucie?”

He just shakes his head before placing a few chips into the pot.

“Nothing, just stupid people. Today is one of the more amusing days of the year. It’s fun to see what people do.”

I frown and look back down at my cards and back up at the other two. Now, to call, raise, or fold. Either way, I think Lucie’s cheating.

Chapter End Notes

(1)1ft 6 in and 8in. LEARN TO METRIC PPL!!!
(2)Amarok is an Inuit creature that is a giant wolf. it's said they kill hunters that are foolish enough to go out alone at night and that you can't conceal anything from them
(3) this is a movie reference, kudos if you can guess!

Just so you guys know, after we get through both high school arcs, i will be going back through and doing a mass final revision before moving on to the second half of the story. we encourage you to tell us about any errors, plot holes, or just plain advice for the story. don't worry, i'll announce when the revisions are beginning.

But, I Already Had This Talk

Chapter Summary

sex ed is important kids

Chapter Notes

tbh, i had this chapter done months ago. i just couldn't post it bc of the hanni chapters. this is also a kind of intermission and i won't be getting back to will for a few more chapters depending on how the story flows.

oh well, here's another chappie!

https://www.tumblr.com/blog/ishomoogoo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sunday night, when the fever finally lets up, I take full advantage of Rowan's shower. The steaming water cascades down, and I quickly scrub all the sweat and scum from my body. I'd be happy to never go through that shit again, if I had any say in the matter. I produced so many fluids in the past three days, it's a wonder I'm not a mummy at this point. I shake my head and rinse the last of the soap from my body, turning off the water and stepping out into the foggy room. I grab the scruffy towel from the rack and vigorously dry my flushed skin. Rowan was nice enough to clean my clothes for me after I made such a mess of them and her bed, I really need to find a way to repay her for all of this. Right after I figure out what to do about my situation.

I slip easily into my clothes and exit the bathroom, heading for the living room while drying my hair with the damp cloth. I find Rowan sitting on a tan couch, carefully separating some pills from a clear orange bottle. Tula is settled on her dog bed that sits next to the small TV opposite the couch, and pays neither of us any heed as she rests. I walk into the room slowly and slump down onto the couch next to Rowan, feeling utterly exhausted and in need of a much longer nap. She turns her head to me and offers a small smile, handing me five white pills that are about the size of an aspirin but have a blue Ω symbol on one side. I reach over and pluck them out of her hand, waiting for her to explain. They look like the pills she gave me during my heat, suppressants I believe. She turns back to the table and twists the cap back onto the bottle, placing it back down in the same spot before turning back to me again.

"Those are a few of my suppressants hun, take one a day for best results. You will want to get your own prescription, it's required for Omegas to take them if they want to go to school or

work."

I look down at them and then place them in my pocket for later, she already gave me one today. I jerk my head back up when I feel her small hand take mine. She's looking at me with concern, like she has bad news that she doesn't quite know how to deliver.

"Do you want me to be there when you break the news to your dad hun?"

My breath shudders as I quickly look at the TV, the memory of a heaving and irate man zipping through my skull. Dad won't be happy. A weak laugh slips out of my mouth as my hand grips hers like a lifeline.

"I'd rather not tell him at all to be honest. No offense, but this whole mess is just fucked up and I don't know how to deal with it. It's, I don't even know how to explain it to you."

I look back into her calm eyes, focusing on her thumb that was rubbing soothingly along the back of my hand. I stare into the dark depths of her eyes and let myself *see*. See her, and everything that she is; steel, conviction, loyalty, and *acceptance*. That last one steals my breath away, only Hannibal has looked at me with that before. This revelation makes something swell up in my chest and choke me, while sobs tear from me unbidden. I don't know if it was me or her who starts the hug, but the next thing I know I'm crying into her shoulder while she rocks back and forth, rubbing the nape of my neck and murmuring in a soothing voice. Her scent coils around me and adds to the soothing effect. I spill everything, from my past life to waking up in this world, not caring if she thinks I'm crazy. I can't bottle it all up anymore, not while I'm so raw and *tired*.

The story didn't take me long to stutter out, and I spend a long time afterwards just breathing and enjoying the moment. I wish this feeling could last forever, I don't think I ever felt this peaceful before. I feel peaceful, relaxed, and *safe*. How did I ever live this long not knowing this feeling? No wonder I was going crazy, I never really had someone to vent to. Sure, Hannibal and I had conversations, but he never made me feel like this. Could he have though? If we hadn't fallen to our deaths, could we be like this instead of tip toeing around and trying to one up the other? Maybe, but it doesn't matter anymore. He's gone, and I have to accept that now, because suicide was never an acceptable option for me.

There was also Alana, but she was so consumed by pity and denying her own feelings that she couldn't be what I really needed. But somehow, after I lost everything and was forced to start over, there was Rowan. After I calmed down enough to be coherent again, I lean back and look at her face. Her unseeing eyes are filled only with kindness and acceptance, which is all I could ask for. Though that doesn't stop me from wondering why she doesn't think I'm crazy. I ask her this and she just smiles, gently stroking my face with a soft hand.

"I always knew you were different hun. You were always too mature for your age and weren't bothered by things like gender. If anything, you were confused by it, like there should only be two and that we were the crazy ones. There's also the thing about your accent."

I frown at her while I wipe my nose and face with a proffered Kleenex.

“What’s wrong with my accent? I’m from Louisiana just like you.”

She smirks at me and gestures towards the trashcan underneath the coffee table.

“The problem, dumbass, is that your accent is subdued and modified. Like someone worked very hard to downplay or hide where they came from. That would be normal if you moved somewhere else and didn’t want to stand out. But as you said, you came from Louisiana and thus have no reason to hide the accent.”

I look down at my hands, which are now resting in my lap. I then look back up at her.

“I guess you caught me officer. I can’t pull one over on you.”

She just snorts at me and gets up off the couch, heading into the hall. She slips into the bathroom and comes back out, holding a white bottle. She plops back down and hands it to me. I took one look at it and laughed, pressing the thing into my forehead as the mirth shook my body. It’s a bottle of Old Spice Original Cologne for Beta’s, with the outline of a blue ship stamped crisply on the white face of the glass. Some things just never change, no matter what universe you’re in. I set the bottle on the table and look back at her, smile still firmly in place. She sat through my episode with quiet amusement, and cocks her head when she senses my attention.

“What’s this for?”

Her eyes flick to the side, where the table is, and then back to me.

“Suppressants dim an Omega’s scent, but don’t negate it fully. If you want to hide what you are, you will need a powerful smell to cover up your own. Old Spice is rather pungent, so I figured it would do the job nicely. That is, if you want to hide, I certainly wouldn’t blame you if you did. Omega’s have a rough life, despite the laws protecting them, and you have a rare opportunity right now. You didn’t go to the hospital for your heat, and I pulled you out of school before your pheromones kicked in. So no one knows that you’re an Omega yet, and depending on what we do, no one will.”

I turn to look at the bottle again, and think. Ever since I woke up here and found out about the different genders, I have been convinced that I was going to be a Beta. I just wanted to be as normal as possible and live my life without any hiccups or obstacles. If people know that I’m an Omega, most of my career options immediately go out the window. I won’t be able to be in law enforcement anymore, at least not without severe bias. That doesn’t even cover how others will treat me. I’m used to being a freak, not a sex object. And that brings me to my dad, he hates Omegas because of my mom. If he’s willing to kick a complete stranger from the apartment, who knows how badly he’ll react to me being one. I inhale deeply and grab the bottle off the table, and immediately apply some to my neck. I jerk suddenly when Rowan grabs the container and puts some on her hand. She stands and pulls me up with her, looking at me with resolve.

“For this to work hun, you will have to apply it to your scent glands. I’ll show you where they are and then we’ll step outside to see if it works. We can’t pull this off if you can’t smell like a Beta. You work at a pharmacy, so you will have to acquire your own suppressants since you can’t get a prescription. If a Doctor knows that you’re an Omega, they will put it in your medical record and you will never be able to hide it then. Lift up your shirt hun, I need to get at your pits. After that is your groin, and I’m not touching that. I like you, but not that much.”

“Please, I don’t want you anywhere near my groin either. Crazy girl like you would probably castrate me. Don’t think I don’t know about Falk.”

She smirks at me as I lift my shirt, letting her apply the liquid and then she points to where I need to put it on my groin area. Once done, we step outside and she sniffs at me, sighing and wrinkling her nose.

“I guess that’s fine, not much else we can do at this point hun. Let’s go back inside. With any luck, people will associate any Omega scent as mine. Now, you need supplies and some more information about your body.”

We go back in and she rummages around in the bathroom, pulling out some brightly colored boxes that use words like tampons and pads. Oh no, she can’t be serious. She hands them to me and I just stare at them, incredulous.

“You’ve *got* to be joking.”

She smiles with just a bit too much enthusiasm and presses them into my chest, showing no mercy.

“ ’Fraid so hun, in about two weeks you will have a small period for a day or so. Complete with cramps, bloating, dizziness and all that fun stuff. Male’s usually only spot, unlike females, but it’s still a period.”

I groan and turn to the door jamb, bumping my skull against the cool wood.

“Stop being such a drama queen and take the shit. You need to know more about suppressants too since a doctor won’t be advising you about it.”

“Fine, but I’m not using tampons. That just freaks me out.”

She rolls her eyes at me, but puts them back anyway.

“Pussy.”

“You’ll have to forgive me, I just grew one.”

“That explains why its so sensitive.”

I laugh and walk back out into the living room, reading the instructions on the box. I never thought I would have to learn any of this, since kids usually came with a successful relationship. Abigail never really counted, I didn’t know her for very long and I don’t even know if she saw me as a father figure. And Molly never got me involved with this for the three years we were together. We sit back down on the couch as Rowan goes through the basics of Omegan biology and what suppressants do to the body. Suppressants are used as a form of birth control by completely stopping heats that normally happen every few months, depending on the person. According to Rowan, you can use them all year round, but is advisable to have at least one heat a year to avoid building a resistance to the drugs or damaging your organs. There are also special drugs that help flush your system so you can have a healthy heat cycle before going on the suppressants again.

Heats normally last a week, but mine lasted 3 days because she was giving me suppressants every day since I started. Omegas are most fertile during heat, but can get pregnant outside of it. She also says that, like any form of birth control, the suppressants can fail so I have to be careful. Which is fine, I don’t really plan on having that kind of relationship with anyone, not after Falk. I’ll still produce slick when aroused and my anatomy won’t change from taking a few pills. I don’t know who I could trust with this, and I don’t want to risk being exposed. So, it looks like I’ve got a life of loneliness to look forward to again. At least I’ve got experience to fall back on.

Chapter End Notes

i really enjoyed writing the last two chappies, did you find them funny too?

Just so you guys know, after we get through both high school arcs, we will be going back through and doing a mass final revision before moving on to the second half of the

story. we encourage you to tell us about any errors, plot holes, or just plain advice for the story. don't worry, i'll announce when the revisions are beginning.

Fraternal Woes pt 2

Chapter by IshoMoogoo

Chapter Summary

the second present arrives

Chapter Notes

Damia had to go to the ER so couldn't edit this chapter. i would've waited but its already been over a month since the last chapter and we can always go over it later. hope its not too bad.

Also, a guest reviewer from fanfiction mentioned that the POV changes have been a bit confusing so I'm going to outright state who's narrating whenever it changes

also, YAY, 100 kudos. feed us more *^*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hanni's POV

It’s around lunchtime on Monday when Mischa’s present finally arrives. I decide to retrieve some of my leftovers from the club room before taking both the food and the medium sized box back to my dorm room where I will be able to go through it in relative privacy. I sit down at my desk, the box currently on the floor, and arrange my food out in front of me. Today’s lunch is reheated cherry balsamic short ribs(1) with roast potatoes and asparagus. It’s a shame that I’m underage and have to wait four years to drink alcohol again, so I have to restrict myself to water and fresh juice for now. I meticulously make my way through my lunch, keeping an eye on the clock. Lunch break is 45 minuets long and I would like to see what Mischa got for me before going back to class.

I finish up in fifteen minuets and set my dishes aside, I will take them back to the club room later when I leave. With room to work now, I pick up the box and set it in front of me. Grabbing one of my scalpels, I carefully cut the package open. Inside is a smaller box, a letter from Mischa, and a manila envelope that is nestled in between the outer and inner boxes. I remove the two envelopes and set the larger one down, preferring to read Mischa’s letter first. It’s not as thick as the previous one, likely because she chose to explain the contents of my present to me. She’s so excitable and happy, it’s almost like her fears of abandonment never were. I should still be on alert for signs of PTSD, but things seem to be ok for now. I obtain a

letter opener and carefully slice the paper open and remove the slightly crinkled pages from within.

Joyeux Anniversaire Hanni! (It seems she's chosen to practice her french for this letter as well)

Sont vous(2) doing ok since the last letter? Were you squirming in anticipation? Good, Lucie says that you deserve to suffer a little and I miss you lots! Anyway, the gift from Chiyoh and I are in the smaller box while the one that Lucie helped me with is in the big envelope. Open the box first, I want the envelope to be a super surprise! And don't even think of cheating by reading ahead or opening the wrong thing! I had Lucie curse the letter and envelope so you can't find out until you do what I say!

Her words are accurate as the rest of the pages are completely illegible and the envelope seems to refuse to open. How interesting. No matter, I simply have to bend to her whims and see what it is she and Miss Chiyoh have gifted me. I remove the smaller box and pick my scalpel up again, carefully rending the tape apart like before. I flip open the cardboard flaps and peer in side to see three w het stones of varying coarseness and two fine wooden boxes, one smaller than the other. I pick up the smaller of the two and slide the top off to reveal a truly gorgeous pairing knife. I quickly open the second box and inside is an equally exquisite chef's knife.

Both are obvi o usly handcrafted with a distinct hamon(3) pattern along the edges. The handles are made from stained cherry wood and both have my name engraved in both the boxes and the steel face. I test the edge with my thumb and am pleased to see drops of blood briefly dot the surface of my skin. I grab a handkerchief and clean the blades before reverently placing them back in their boxes. I will bring them with me to club tonight and put them to use. Such things should be shown and used, otherwise it would be an insult to the craftsman. I pull out the top drawer of my desk and place the contents of the box inside while discarding the packaging inside the larger one to be dealt with later.

Though I am quite curious how she could afford such things, the chefs knife alone must have cost quite a few New Francs(4). Our family is quite wealthy, but Mischa is still a child and I was quite clear with our guardians that I didn't want her to become too spoiled. I want her to have an appreciation for money, so she only gets a small allowance each month. And that's only as long as she behaves properly and does well with her studies. From the letters she's sent me so far, she shouldn't have enough saved up for such expensive pieces. I pick up her letter again and continue reading the now legible script.

Do you like them Hanni? Chiyoh took me to a really good blade worker in town because I know how much you love knives and cooking. And you better take good care of them, I had call in three debts from my poker games to afford them. (sigh) *Anyway, I bet you're upset because you couldn't open the envelope to see what Lucie helped me get you! Well, I told you about Lucie playing house with me right? Well…*

I quickly read through the rest of the letter and feel my blood run even colder(5). I then drop the letter and grab the large envelope, quickly tearing it open. I spill the contents out onto the desk and blankly stare at the photos depicting a cheerful Mischa and bored looking Lucie. Some have Chiyoh and Lady Murasaki in them but I push them all aside to look at a large

piece of paper. I feel a sharp pain on my palm and absently look down at my clenched fists. Dark blood is oozing around the black claws that are digging into my greying flesh. I'm losing control, I need to calm down quickly before I do something irreparable. I breathe deeply before looking down at the photos and the- no, ignore it.

I open my hands and unlock the drawer meant for Mischa's letters and dump the photos and paper inside haphazardly. I then close it, perhaps a bit harder than I should have, and lock it. I then take a few moments to just breathe and work at placing all of these emotions in a room, hopefully to never be visited again. But something is different; no matter how hard I try, the rage keeps building and my vision keeps flickering red. I need to get out of here, if things keep going this way I may just get found out. There is a small wooded area near the school, perhaps I can cool off there. I leap out of my chair and make my way hastily out of the dorms.

I fare even worse once I make it outside. Catching the scent of the surrounding Alpha's makes me even more irritated. My vision blurs and then I hear a crack echoing through my foggy senses. I blink as the haze clears to reveal one of the large shade trees that litter the grounds. I continue to blink as I try to piece together the situation, when I feel someone speak to me and lay their hand on my shoulder. I lower my hand and look over to see Mycroft, who is looking at me with concern and more than a bit of irritation.

"Are you ok Hannibal?"

I look back at him sheepishly. How should I play this off? The a version of the truth would probably be best.

"I apologize, I'm not quite sure what came over me for a moment. I had just received some rather vexing news from home. I was attempting to clear my head by breathing the air outside but it doesn't seem to have helped."

He breathes out through his nose and then looks from my hand to the tree.

"I understand your situation, and am relieved that you had enough restraint over your Alphan urges to only take it out on a tree instead of another student. Is your hand or wrist ok?"

I look down at my hand, which doesn't even have a scratch from hitting the tree bark. I look back up to the tree and see an indentation of my hand, and small fissures that run along the trunk. The fissures wouldn't be very noticeable unless you looked closely, so he likely a ssumes that I broke something. I turn back to him, loosely grabbing my wrist to cradle it against my body.

"I'm not terribly sure. I don't feel anything at the moment but that may just be the adrenaline."

He frowns at me and then motions for me towards the main building of the school.

"Hmm, well it would be best to get it checked out to be sure. Do you know where the nurses office is?"

I nod at him and he continues on.

“Right, get going then. I will inform your teacher what has happened and get you excused.”

I bow my head in thanks.

“Thank you Mycroft. And I do apologize again for my behaviour. It was rather boorish of me to lose my temper like that.”

The boy huffs in what can only be laughter and waves my apology off.

“It’s not that big of a problem Hannibal. In fact, I would be very happy if other Alphas could show that much restraint. Honestly, there are full grown adults that aren’t able to reign themselves in for even the smallest of reasons. Now off with you, lunch break is almost over.”

I smile and lower my head again before finally turning to leave. Now, how to deal with faking an injury.

Chapter End Notes

(1)https://www.allrecipes.com/recipe/216524/cherry-balsamic-short-ribs/
(2)happy birthday hanni- are you/ i really didn't have the patience to slave through writing in french more than that so just pretend ;)
(3)you know katana's and that wavy pattern on the edge of the blade? that's what hamon is
(4)in the 80's, france had two different currencies. New Francs were supposed to replace the old currency but people were stubborn and clung to the old form
(5)wendigo's are cold according to legend and were said to have hearts of literal ice.

curious what got hanni all Alpha? wait till next time! feel free to guess though

Naughty Nurse pt. 1

Chapter Summary

i really like the name of the title. i've been calling this arc that since i came up with it

Chapter Notes

Damia is doing better, but has permanent vertigo now. i informed her that she needs to upgrade to a newer model but she's being stubborn. she insists that she's far too attached to her current body to trade out.

sorry abt it taking so long, but i got a switch for my birthday and zelda takes precedence

also, thanks to Kanekiddidnotdeserve for being the only one to guess, despite not being completely right.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The halls of the main building are rather empty now that classes are about to start again. There's only a few faculty members roaming about, which gives me a chance to deal with my hand before going into the nurses office. I heal very quickly and my bones are much tougher than a human's now, so I quickly look around the hall to make sure I'm alone. Good, the hall is currently deserted. I remove my blazer and wrap it around my right hand and wrist. Once covered, I quickly yank my hand to the side until I hear a muffled crack and feel a sharp twinge run up my arm. Instead of setting the bones, I tuck my still crooked limb under my left arm. I'll also have to move it around every minute or so to keep it from healing wrong. I can't do anything about the already healed scrapes that were on my knuckles, so I will have to give a slightly different story to the nurse.

Now that I'm ready, I continue on my way to the nurses office which is just a few doors down the hall. While it's good that my unfortunate slip of temper was easily excused as something normal to my gender, I will need to be more careful in the future to ensure that it doesn't happen again. I will simply have to chalk my newfound aggressiveness as a downside to my additional gender. Though I doubt that I would have been terribly level headed in my past life to be given a marriage certificate, albeit fake, and a wedding photo featuring my sister and Lucie; I didn't expect to loose my temper to the point of nearly blacking out. I was very lucky that I merely assaulted a tree and not someone else. Hmm, I may need to go hunting again, if only to help me vent some more. The mere memory is still irritating me.

I soon reach the simple wooden door that has ‘Nurses Office’ written beside it and knock, going through shortly after a murmur of acknowledgement. The first thing that hits me is the pungent scent of chemicals. I temper my grimace and quickly dial back my olfactory sense just enough to pick out what I suppose are supposed to be lilacs. It seems this nurse is rather fond of cheap perfumes. As the door clicks closed, a woman with auburn hair looks up from some papers that are laying on her desk. Her face is heavily freckled and I would hazard a guess and say that she hails from Scotland. Her pallid face face scrunches up into a smile and her moss green eyes seem to sparkle as she looks at me.

“Hello dear, what do you need? Would you like to sit down?”

I nod and take a seat in one of the spare chairs, pulling it in front of her. Once settled, I pull my arm out from underneath my armpit and hold it out to her. She looks at the wrapped appendage with some concern as I explain.

“Yes, I seem to have injured my wrist. I’m not sure whether it is broken or sprained though. A prefect instructed me to come here to get it checked out.”

Her brow furrows and she purses her lips as she gingerly takes my arm, unwrapping it carefully before probing the bruised joint with bony fingers. As she considers my injury, I take the time to observe her a bit more. She’s young, probably mid twenties, and is on the scrawny side. I can’t really tell her height at the moment, but if I take her arm and leg length into consideration, I would say she’s a bit shorter than the average Beta female height of 167 cm(1). Nothing too unusual, everyone is different after all.

She hums and applies a bit of pressure directly onto the joint, testing to se if it’s truly broken. The bones have already knitted together in the short time that she was examining it, but I decided to wince and softly grunt in pain anyway. She will most likely assume it’s a fracture or at least a sprain that way. She releases my hand and smiles at me, her narrow eyes crinkling at the corners.

“You’re lucky, nothing seems to be broken or out of place.”

The smile lessens as she gets up and heads over to one of the cabinets containing medical supplies. She opens the glass door and searches for something. She hums happily when she finds it and walks back with a wrist brace and a small bottle of what I assume is pain medication.

“It’s probably sprained, fractured at worst. Wear this for a couple weeks and avoid straining it further. If you’re right handed then you’ll either need someone to help you with writing or make due with your left. Are you allergic to any medications?”

I shake my head, already considering what I will do about my situation. I’ve fooled her well enough, all I have to do is keep this on until she clears me. It will be a bit tedious to work around, but there are certain advantages to being ambidextrous. It’s unlikely that I’ll ever truly loose the use of one of my arms, but it’s best to be cautious. After all, just a bit of silver and I would heal about as quickly as a normal human. Even die, if struck properly. Her smile widens and she hands me the bottle of Ibuprofen. I nod my head in thanks as I carefully take the bottle from her with my left hand.

“That’s good. Take those every four to six hours as needed. Don’t exceed six tablets in a day. Here, give me your hand and I will put the brace on for you.”

I slip the bottle into my trouser pocket and allow her to take hold of my arm. Something changes about her scent and my gaze zeroes in on her face. Her gaze is soft as she concentrates on her task, her touch almost sensual instead of the efficient and professional motions she went through when examining me before. Hmm, what an interesting development. The awful perfume she wears covers up most of her natural scent, likely causing people to assume the sweetness is from it rather than her. Our school is for Alpha’s and Beta’s only, going so far as to not even allow Omega staff so that issues do not arise. This woman has most likely lied about her gender to get this position. As someone from further into the future where gender equality has some significant steps forward, this is hardly worth my time or interest. I will keep it in mind in case it becomes relevant, but won’t say anything about it for now.

“There, all done. Is there anything else you needed while you’re here?”

She asks as she removes her hands from my arm, her fingers almost lingering on my wrist for too long. I choose to ignore that in favour of something else. Perhaps now would be a good time to ask about my curious outburst. I need to be sure if it was a result of hormones because of my gender, or because I’m not human anymore. I also need to see if there’s a way from preventing future incidents, should this be a recurring issue.

“I do have a question to ask, if that’s alright.”

“Go ahead.”

“It is in relation to my injury.”

She nods, encouraging me to go on.

“Well, I received some distressing news from home and I just seemed to lose myself in a haze of anger. I felt that I had no control over myself, and I had unfortunately lashed out physically before I came back to myself.”

Understanding drifts across her face and she chuckles softly.

“Sweetie, that is simply part of being an Alpha. Alpha’s are naturally more aggressive and territorial than the other genders, especially when it comes to their family. What you experienced was perfectly normal.”

I resist frowning. I already know this, however I cannot afford to allow such things to control me in the future. Perhaps, since it’s a common issue, there may be something that can be done to prevent it.

“Are there any medications or therapy to help prevent or lessen such behaviour?”

She looks confused for a moment before a sympathetic look replaces it.

“I can understand that such an experience can be confusing, and even frightening if its your first time feeling that way. However, as I said before, it’s very normal for an Alpha to have trouble controlling their aggression. Especially when they’re still going through puberty. Trying to stop an Alpha from being territorial is like trying to force an Omega to not be nurturing. It’s simply against the natural order of things. Now, was there anything else you needed?”

“Mmmn, no. I don’t believe so.”

She nods and stands up. She gently places her hand on the upper part of my right arm and guides me to the door. She opens it and I turn to face her a bit.

“Thank you for you assistance, miss?”

She smiles even wider and rubs my arm a bit.

“Lorraine Hoffer sweetie. Now go on to class. Oh! Do you need a note for your teacher?”

“That would be of great help, thank you.”

She walks back over to her desk and pulls open one of the drawers, grabbing a pad of paper and a pen.

“What’s you’re name and you’re class dear?”

“Hannibal Lecter and my next class is Algebra Miss Hoffer.”

She fills in the small form and then tears the top slip off. She walks back over and hands me the paper. I take it and nod my thanks, turning to leave. I just make it out into the hall when she calls out again.

“Remember, come back in two weeks. And no need to call me by my last name Hannibal.”

I nod and hum in response, heading towards my next class. Well, that was certainly an interesting experience. I don’t believe I was ever sexually harassed in my previous life. First time for everything I suppose. Well, it’s not like she can do anything to me physically, I’m far stronger than she will ever be. My main worry would be slipping up and demonstrating my inhuman abilities. If she tries to coerce me, I can simply use her own secret against her.

Chapter End Notes

(1) about 5 ft 5 if you round up

Damia and I are going to need a beta reader or two to help out. just state your interest in a comment or a pm and i'll get back to you

Naughty Nurse pt. 2

Chapter Summary

hanny's frustrated

Chapter Notes

I feel like I lost you guys last chapter. Well too bad. You have another chapter after this, so strap in.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The last week has been harrowing, to say the least. I haven't been able to slip away at all to go hunt. I couldn't even get away over the weekend, so the frustration has just been building up this entire time. To make matters worse, Mischa has been sending more pictures. I'm not sure at this point whether she's trying to irritate me, or if she's simply having fun with her new Polaroid camera. I can't really appreciate it if it's the latter, since they're nothing but 'wedding' photos with some just of Lucie. Just thinking about it sets my teeth on edge.

I take a calming breath in, hold it for a couple of seconds, and slowly let it back out. Once under control again, I get back to what I was doing. I'm in the club room and making a delightful steak au poivre, with fresh tomatoes and roast potatoes on the side. I did make one alteration to the recipe, with the help of a fellow club member. I had someone cube the steak for me, so that I wouldn't have trouble eating it later.

The potatoes and steak are just about done, so now I'm putting the final ingredients into the sauce. Concentrating on cooking has lifted my mood somewhat, and eating the dish will likely help me out more. Perhaps I shall share some with Mycroft, he seems like someone who would appreciate a good meal. I may even get some information on some of the security measures around the school, if I manage to get close enough to him. A prefect would have more intimate knowledge of such things, and it doesn't hurt to have him on friendlier terms with me.

I shall have to make another portion then, it wouldn't do to offer another scraps after all. It's also better to offer a warm meal than a cold one. Maybe I should also substitute the potatoes for some squash, he has been rather conscious of his figure lately. Do we have any in the pantry? I will check for the other ingredients after I finish, I'm rather famished after all.

I turn off the oven and the burner, quickly plating my food. Once I put the leftovers in a container, I go over to one of the break tables and dig in. At least I don't have to use a knife, I

have to keep up appearances after all. Still rather inconvenient though, despite it helping me become ambidextrous. I'm looking forward to next week, when I can get permission to remove my brace.

Halfway through my meal, Asil walks into the club room. He was called away some time ago to get instructions for the banquet our club is catering for. Family day is in a few months, and it is generally a large affair. The various clubs, and some classes, are expected to use that day to showcase the various things we have learned during our stay. Our club volunteered to provide food and drink, and Asil had gone to the office to present a list of foods that we brainstormed the other day for approval. I watch him bustle around the room, before he stands near the front and calls for attention.

"Dikkat!(1) May I have your attention please? I have the final list of foods that we will be making, and now we must decide who will be in charge of what."

He then props up a white board, and starts listing the various dishes. He also puts up jobs that people will have during the event. Despite this being a school for the upper class, with most of the clubs focusing on arts or sports, there are a good number of people in the cooking club. Most of them are Beta's, but there are a couple more Alpha's other than Asil and I. This means that we won't be short staffed during the event, or while preparing for it. Though I can say that a few of my club mates would do better as waitstaff, than they would in the kitchen.

Asil begins by writing down the volunteers for the different jobs. Allowing the senior members to have veto power, in case someone takes a job that they believe they would be ill suited for. A vote only had to be taken once, thankfully, and we're soon moving on to who will be in charge of what dish. That takes even less time, since the people who suggested the dish are the ones who are put in charge of them. They then choose who they want helping them. I suggested a dessert called zagareliai, and only chose two people to help me. Since it's a relatively simple dish, that will be more than enough. With all of that out of the way, club is now officially over, and we leave after cleaning everything up.

I ended up not having time to make another portion, but I did grab the leftovers I had packed up. I'll just offer to make Mycroft something. One of the things I really miss from my past life, is cooking for others. Granted, I'll be able to do that on family day, but I want to do it on my own terms again. I want to feed people food that I procured myself, instead of pigs slaughtered by someone else. I want to *hunt*. Sigh, I'm back to that again. I need to figure something out, and soon.

I soon reach my dorm room, and quickly slip inside. Perhaps drawing something will distract me, at least until I go to sleep. I place my bag next to my desk, and start pulling out my drawing paper and pencils. Just before I sit down, the door opens and Mycroft's scent drifts in. I turn around and nod in greeting.

"Hello Mycroft. Are you done with your patrol?"

H e looks up at me and nods back, going over to his trunk.

"Yes. Thankfully there wasn't anyone doing anything foolish today."

“That’s good.”

The conversation dies there, and I finally sit down and get back to what I was doing. Hmm, what should I draw today? Perhaps I shall draw my Uncle’s manor house. The architecture is rather interesting, and the subject is rather neutral. It will also give me some more coordination with my left hand. I start sketching the lower part of the mansion’s front, barely paying attention to the sounds of Mycroft getting ready for bed.

“Oh, before I forget. I have a message for you.”

I turn my head towards Mycroft, to see him dressed in a rather interesting set of night clothes. I don’t believe I’ve ever seen hand knit pajamas before. Certainly not in such an atrocious shade green. Mycroft’s face turns a curious shade of red, clashing rather badly with the olive tones of his clothes. He clears his throat awkwardly, and adopts a stern look. I raise my eyebrows, waiting for him to continue.

“Well, as I was saying, Miss Hoffer was hoping to see you after classes tomorrow.”

I tilt my head to one side.

“Oh? What for? My brace isn’t to be removed until next week.”

He shrugs and wanders over to the hamper, putting his dirty clothes inside.

“Not sure. She likely just wants to give you a checkup. She’s going on a week’s vacation the day after, so she may want to give her substitute some more detailed instructions. I should say she could use the break, she looked a bit peaky.”

I turn back around and hum. Well, it seems I have a chance to get this brace officially taken off early . Now I just need to find a chance to slip away for the weekend. If I can’t, then I will just have to wait for winter break to go hunting. I hear Mycroft clear his throat again and I turn to him again. He’s back by his bed and is still rather flushed.

“It’s. My mother made me this. She thinks I’m not warm enough in the dorms. I- I didn’t wish to be rude.”

I smile at him a little.

“There’s no shame in that. I find that kind of attitude to be quite admirable. It’s rather unfortunate that there aren’t more like you out there.”

This seems to surprise him a bit, but he quickly regains his composure. He straightens his back, and lifts his head up a bit.

“You’re absolutely right. People should care about their family more! It’s absolutely deplorable how some people treat their loved ones nowadays!”

“Indeed.”

I suppose that’s one way of looking at it. He shifts back and forth, then turns back to his bed and lifts up the quilt.

“Well, I’m going to turn in. Early rounds tomorrow and all that. Will you be staying up much longer?”

I look down at my paper, which only has a few lines on it.

“No, I don’t think so. I don’t wish to disturb you.”

I flick off my desk light and get up. Mycroft is looking at me from under the covers, a frown on his face.

“I don’t want to impose upon you.”

“Nonsense. It’s no trouble. I wasn’t going to do very well with my left hand anyway.”

“Well, alright then. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

I get changed and ready for bed, flicking off the main light when ready. I will be very happy to have use of my right hand again. As interesting as faking an injury is, I think I would like to not have to do it again. Being constantly aware of your own body is quite exhausting.

Chapter End Notes

(1) Attention! looked up in a dictionary

Happy Holiday's and all that. We're getting closer to the halfway mark.

Some Things End Terribly

Chapter Summary

yup

Chapter Notes

yeah, i couldn't get this chapter past 1k words so it's a bit short. BUT FRET NOT!!! i already have the next chapter written, Damia and i are going over it now so it'll be up soon

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I've always been impartial to blood. I'm neither disgusted or aroused by it. It is simply part of what makes up most living creatures. Oftentimes, it's a red colour. When it's freshly shed, it's bright and vibrant like rose petals. When it's old and dried out, it's a rusty brown. There are a few things that stay constant, however, no matter which state it is in. Such as the smell.

Blood always has this distinct scent that, much like the liquid itself, clings to everything. It is almost impossible to get rid of, one usually has to do away with whatever has been stained completely. It smells much like it tastes, salty with a sharp bite of iron lacing it. With my refined palette, I can make out far more than that of course. Everyone has a unique flavour to them, depending entirely on the cocktail of hormones inside and the things they consume on a daily basis.

I remember the taste of my sweet William's blood. So smokey, desperate, and *lonely.* I almost wish that I had more than just a taste that night. That memory has a special place in my mind palace, close to the memory of our blessed union. I admit that I had taken his betrayal a bit too harshly, and had thrown a most unbecoming tantrum. I had barely stopped myself from killing him that night, wanting to punish him instead.

I open my mouth and lick my lips, automatically analyzing the notes hidden within the liquid. Hmmm, it seems sweeter than I'm used to. It's not artificial though, perhaps a natural trait then? I look down at my blood covered hands, frowning at the claws that adorn them. It seems that I have made a grievous mistake.

I retract them and close my eyes, taking deep breaths. I carefully take stock of my mind and body, ensuring that nothing is out of place. I check on the room in my mind palace to confirm that the old familiar rage is tucked safely back inside, re-enforcing the walls and door to make sure that it can't slip out once again.

Just past the ringing in my ears, I absently pick up on a peculiar banging noise. I can't seem to care much about it at the moment however. I need to get myself back under control before something even worse happens. So I ignore the steadily growing noise, and get back to work making myself more presentable, more *human*.

There is a muffled crash just as I get my mask back in place. Is that shouting I hear? I open my eyes and turn my head in the direction of the noises. Before I can turn fully, or even see what's going on behind me, I feel myself being tackled to the floor . A growl slips from my mouth before I can bite it back, and my head gets shoved into the blood soaked tile in response.

I resist the urge to struggle, reluctantly allowing my arms to be pinned behind my back. The ringing finally fades from my ears as a needle plunges into my neck. I frown as the bitingly cold liquid slowly fizzes through my veins. Whatever they just gave me won't work, not unless they put silver in it.

"This should help you calm down son. Just relax and let it do it's job."

I'm already calm, but he likely gave me a sedative. So I should probably pretend to pass out soon.

"Jesus, look what he did! How'd the kid lose enough control to do this?"

"I- I think she's an Omega. The blood's covering up a lot of it, but I can smell trace amount of heat pheromones."

"He did all this from going into *Rut*!?"

I blink slowly and start relaxing my body a bit . The grip on my arms doesn't slacken, but the hand holding my head down lets up. I then feel my arms being shuffled around to be restrained by both of my captors hands.

"How else would you explain it? Rut affects every Alpha differently, you know that. Besides, why else would he go for her throat?"

"I guess. It's just- well, just *look* at her!"

T he two go silent again as they take in the garish scene, though I had lost interest in them after that. I tune the rest of their murmurings out and take the scene in myself, having not really paid much attention to it before. The front of the medicine cabinet was destroyed, wood cracked and splintered from a rather large impact. Most of the glass was sprinkled across the sodden floor, but some jagged pieces clung to the edges of what remained of the frame.

J ust in front of the demolished piece, lying in the middle of all the blood, was the broken and twisted body of Ms Hoffer. Her dead eyes are still gazing at me, a look of horror permanently frozen on her face. Her throat has been completely torn out, the white of her spinal column startlingly bright within the mess of torn muscle and tendon. Hmm, it doesn't look broken. She likely died from drowning in her own blood.

I find the contrast between her skin and blood rather fascinating. She was already pale before, but now she looks ashen. I believe I did her looks quite the service. It's a shame I couldn't do so under more desirable circumstances. I decide to close my eyes agin, not opening them back up this time. I fully relax my body and feign sleep. I wonder how I'm going to get out of this one.

Chapter End Notes

YUP!!! i went there. bite me

Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

will is a naughty naughty boy

Chapter Notes

Told y'all i'd be back soon. finally back into Will's POV too

Who wants to name the chapter?? put ur suggestion in the comments below and Damia and i will pick our favourite!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

On Monday I was sweating buckets, wondering if anyone would find out that I was anything but a Beta. Luckily it seems that no one noticed, except for Rayne and Gale. I almost had a coronary when Rayne pointed it out at lunch, taking a rather exaggerated whiff of me as she passed on the way to her seat. Gale gave me an exuberant grin and was practically bouncing in her seat. They sit across from Rowan and I, Rayne speaking up first.

“So, finally decided to join the rest of us baby makers? About fucking time, I was worried that we were going to be assaulted with testosterone once you presented. Falk oozed it everywhere he went,”

She shudders exaggeratedly as I feel the blood draining from my face, making me slightly dizzy.

“Really nasty, had to take three showers to get his stink off me when we finally got rid of him.”

Gale takes that moment to squeal and grab my hand, vomiting out words of joy and encouragement. It didn’t make a lot of sense to be honest, but that may have been the ringing in my ears. This can’t be happening, were Rowan’s efforts to help meaningless? Rayne takes one look at my shocked face and laughs, getting the attention of some nearby students. She glares and flips them off, which is pretty effective in deterring any unwanted attention. She turns back and starts eating like nothing was wrong. Talking around bites of food, she continues on.

“Relax twitchy, Rowan told us.”

I turn and glare at Rowan, but she stoically ignores me in favor of her sandwich. Rayne kicks my ankle to get my attention, and just smiles sweetly when I turn my glare on her.

“The school pretty much thinks you’re a Beta, so there’s no need to worry about anything. Most Betas don’t have that good a sense of smell, so any cologne made for them will cover up your scent. An Alpha may pick up on it if they get close enough, so be careful.”

I nod at her gratefully, finally relaxing enough to start eating. Gale suggests some all-natural scents, and I accept a list from her, planning on looking some of them up later. I don’t mind the Old Spice smell, but some alternatives may help.

It’s about halfway through lunch period, when a particular scent hits my nose. *Alpha*. I fight not to react to it as we all look up to see Axel, the school’s only Alpha and the spotter for the cheer-leading team. Axel isn’t someone any of us really associate with, so it’s a huge surprise that he’s at our table right now. He smiles at me and nods in greeting to Rayne and Gale, not really acknowledging Rowan before he speaks.

“Congrats on presenting Will, even if it’s a bit late. Beta right?”

I nod stiffly at him, keeping my eyes trained on the crook of his left elbow. His scent is really irritating right now, and I’m silently screaming at him to go away. His smile widens a bit and he nods again, rubbing his jaw in contemplation.

“No offense, but that really makes me relieved. I was worried there may be another Alpha to worry about, and I know Molly lives in your building. I don’t know how comfortable I’d be with her living in the same place an unmated Alpha was living. You know how Omega’s are, especially when in heat. No control whatsoever.”

At that last comment, he nods towards Rowan. I narrow my eyes at him, and I notice Rayne doing the same thing. Neither of us have a chance of refuting his claim, because Rowan calmly cuts into the conversation.

“I’m afraid no one at this table knows what you mean Axel, what *are* we like? Unless you mean to say that Omegas are strong, smart, and independent; because I would have to wholeheartedly agree with you on that.”

His eyes twitch in her direction and frowns slightly, but he doesn’t react any more to her words than that. He switches his attention back to me and smiles again.

“Anyway, I just wanted to give you my regards. I’ve got to get going, maybe I’ll see you around.”

He nods again and walks off towards his table, sitting down next to a tired looking Molly. She really hasn’t gotten any better since I met her, she seems to just be slowly withdrawing in on herself as the months go by. My eyes narrow again as my mind starts processing evidence, but I get distracted by a loud scoff. I look at Gale with surprise, but she continues to look in Axel’s direction with irritation.

“That boy needs to learn some manners. We’re all of natures creatures, just because he was born one way doesn’t mean we’re inferior.”

She sniffs and nibbles on the last pickle slice from the jar she brought. Having downed almost the entire thing in just fifteen minutes.

“What’s his locker number? I found a raccoon this morning and the plastic bag I put it in isn’t holding back the smell anymore.”

“406, near the music room.”

Rowan answers Rayne and the bell rings, signaling for us to get going. Not much happened after that. Everyone accepted that I was a Beta, and I even managed to get it put onto my driver’s license a few days later so it’s made official. I’m still jittery and paranoid that someone will find out if I slip up, so I always get Rowan or one of the girls to scent check me before school. They joke and make fun of me, but acquiesce to my selfish request anyway.

They never say that they can tell that I’m not Beta, but I still feel so paranoid about it. Especially where dad is concerned. He would be the first to find out, and would likely throw a fit, if not actually throw me out of the house. As a result, I find myself getting almost obsessive about my pill and bathroom habits. I clean and spray my room almost religiously, making sure that you can only smell chemicals when you walk in there. I only manage to relax two weeks later, when something happens at my job.

I’m in the back of the store, filling prescriptions and sorting our stock of pills, when I pause on a new addition to our wares. I take a look at the name and quickly pull up the product information on the computer, having the time and wanting to know what it does. It’s called Betriol, and is a small yellowish pill that is oval in shape and has a glossy coat on the outside. The description for it makes my heart pump faster from excitement. It seems to be a new drug that helps the body produce more Beta Pheromones. Most Beta’s don’t have a very strong scent, so I guess this is meant to enhance the naturally occurring hormone in Beta’s that is responsible for their scent production. Since it’s a synthetic form of a normal chemical found in the body, there aren’t many known side effects so far.

I flick my eyes around the room and at the small fixed camera in the corner, and make a snap decision. Picking up some empty Rx Bottles, I go back to filling out the various prescriptions. I use the activity to disguise the theft of about ten pills of Betriol. I’ve been doing this since my first heat, taking about five or so suppressant pills so that I don’t have to get a prescription. I’ve limited it to about 3-4 pills every week or so, when I have the chance.

It’s not a heavily controlled substance, and no one is going to notice unless it’s a rather large number of drugs. I use this same trick to pocket this new find, and decide to start taking it tonight and see how it works out. If I can actually produce a Beta’s scent naturally, then I won’t have to keep drowning myself in cologne and being so paranoid about people finding

out. If it works, then I can see about getting an actual prescription so I don't have to steal so much. I don't want to push my luck when I don't have to.

I start taking the new pills with my suppressants, and on the third day, or Sunday, I test it out by going to Rowan's place while not wearing any cologne. Her dad answers the door, smiling before stepping aside and motioning me inside the warm living room.

"Hi Will! I'll let Rowan know you're here. You caught me on my way out, so you'll be on your own soon."

I nod and thank the man as he bustles about the place, poking into Rowan's room before gathering his work stuff up. He is at the door by the time Rowan emerges. Her dad smiles and kisses her forehead before rushing out the door. Rowan gets her wavy hair from he father, but otherwise gets all her looks from her mom's side. Rowan looks over at me and smiles before frowning in confusion, settling on the recliner which is to the left of the couch. My nerves buzz from excitement as she takes a less than subtle whiff in my direction.

"What happened to the cologne? And you're scent?"

My smile falters a bit but that doesn't mean that the pills aren't working. I get up and go over to her, holding my wrist out in invitation.

"I'm trying something out. How do I smell?"

She turns more in my direction, and I guide her hand up to my wrist. She grabs it and scents more thoroughly along the gland. She looks up with even more confusion shining in her eyes. She lets go of my wrist and I sit down on the couch, smile twitching on my face.

"Why do you smell like a Beta? Don't get me wrong, that's what you're going for. What did you use?"

I smile fully now, elation buzzing through my veins. I tell her about the hormones I've been taking, trying not to bounce in my seat. She listens with a thoughtful look, not giving much away on her face. She hums when I finish and gives a faint smile.

"That sounds better than drowning yourself in that awful body spray. And, personally, I'm tired of smelling you every morning."

My smile turns contrite, and I turn my gaze to the floor. She chuckles and gets up, going into the small kitchen. I hear her rummage around in the fridge and she returns with two cokes. She hands me one and sits back down, kicking the chair back and popping open the can.

"It's good you found an alternative, do you know what the side-effects are?"

I open my soda, the carbon hissing out along with some liquid.

"Just the normal ones associated with hormones. You know, kidney and heart stuff, acne and moodiness."

Her eyebrows rise to her hairline, and she gazes at me, incredulous.

“Moodiness? Don’t you think you have enough of that?”

My eyes narrow at her.

“Ha ha. I’d rather be moody than be a mindless zombie.”

“Not all zombies are mindless, you could be a moody zombie. In fact, that’s what you are, a twitchy, moody zombie that plans to eat all our brains.”

“You wish, none of your brains would be tasty enough for me. Besides, I don’t want to get some prion disease(1) from you. I like my brain hole free.”

She snorts and gives me a wry grin.

“You’re loss, passing up some prime goods here. So, want to watch some TV? You can describe the shows for me.”

We start watching a Friends rerun, and made scathing comments on the myriad of self-centered characters. In my professional opinion, they’re all in need of serious mental help, especially Phoebe. As a man, she just scares me. We watch a few episodes, before I decide to leave and go back home for the night.

The next day, Rayne and Gale express their profound relief that they no longer have to inhale my man stench. Gale does offer to get the prescription for me, so I don’t have to go to the doctor and be subjected to a checkup. I only agree so long as I can reimburse her for the purchase. Most insurance won’t cover these pills, since they’re so new and mainly for aesthetics.

So, with my Omega situation finally under control, I breathe easy for the first time since going into heat. I’m even happier to find that I can grow stubble again, which seems to be the only side-effect that the hormones have given me so far.

Chapter End Notes

(1) this is a real thing. not only would you be risking obesity with how many calories are in one of us, you're also risking getting a prion disease. prions are proteins that are located within nervous tissue, most commonly the brain, and will literally eat holes in your brain. kinda makes you wonder how it would've ended if hanni actually ate will's brain.

getting closer to the midway point

please don't self-prescribe medication. will is self destructive and a moron, so don't follow his lead

ANNOUNCEMENT

Chapter by IshoMoogoo

Chapter Summary

this might not be what you want to hear, but this isn't a chapter

I don't mean to burst you guy's bubble or anything, but this isn't a chapter. If you've been checking in periodically, then you'll have noticed that this fic has been placed on indefinite hiatus. That hasn't changed.

DON'T PANIC (lol)

This fic hasn't been dropped or discontinued, and it hasn't been abandoned. Damia and I are having some IRL issues right now, and we have agreed to turn the fic over to her temporarily. I'm turning all the notes over to her soon, and she will be the one updating the story until I'm able to come back to it, if ever. I can't tell you when she'll update, because I'm not her.

We apologize for the wait, and the disappointing news, but this is just what has to happen right now.

thanks so much for the support up until now, it means a lot.

End Notes

i make no promises for updates, i work in construction and work has no set schedule and my friend basically plays nurse to her mum. we both suffer from mental and health issues and all this makes things hard sometimes so please be understanding. we do appreciate feedback and ideas so feel free to drop a comment or message one of us. we sincerely hope you enjoy this as we are having a lot of fun writing it.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!